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COUNTRY LIFE

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OLYMPIA, 1930

ONCE more October has brought us the great event of the motoring year, and we have been flocking in our thousands—too many thousands, perhaps, for comfort—to Olympia in order to see what the manufacturers of our own and other countries have to offer us, or our more fortunate friends, during the next twelve months. Many of us have been reading Lady Troubridge's biography of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, with its absorbing account of the early struggles of the motoring pioneers against the prejudices of an ignorant and ill-instructed public. We have only to go to Olympia to see how far we have left behind the days when Lord Montagu was cut in the street by his friends and acquaintances and Lord Carnarvon was described as "a scorcher and a public nuisance." "Clouds of dust as high as the neighbouring trees," it was stated in the police court, "rose up as his car whizzed along the road, and by careful timing the superintendent of police calculated his speed at a mile in two and a half minutes." Since that day, hardly more than thirty years ago, the attitude of the public has completely changed, and the annual Motor Show at Olympia has become one of the great seasonal events of the year. Even up to a few years ago its appeal was limited to the motorist. To-day there is no distinction between motorists and public, for we are a nation of motorists, and it has become one of our great public exhibitions. This year's Show may not be remarkable for any very radical

departures from accepted design, but it has shown an enormous all-round detail improvement. The cars to be seen at Olympia provide the purchaser with more than he has ever been able to get in the past for the same money. This year he will get a car which is pleasanter to drive, one which has better springing and easier control. He will find the equipment as full as it can possibly be, and, above all, he will be offered enormous improvements in the comfort and graceful appearance of the bodywork. The luxuries of one year become the standard equipment of the next. Such labour-saving introductions as chromium plate and simplified lubrication systems have become standard on even medium-priced cars. Above all, there is a vast range of perfection from which to choose according to the limits of his purse. As ever, the high-priced English luxury car stands as the very best the world can produce, and our body-builders show work which is vastly beyond all Continental competition. The Motor Show is not simply a show of cars, but an astonishing demonstration of one of the greatest of our national industries.

When one comes to examine this year's cars in detail one is struck, perhaps most of all, by the fact that during the last few years the perfection of finish and all-round excellence which we used to associate particularly with the high-priced "luxury" car has been extended to practically every grade of all the more popular cars. These have become in almost every case not only more comfortable, but more efficient and easier to handle. The substitution in many cases of a six for a four cylinder engine gives the newer cars a margin of power sufficient to ensure that they will only occasionally be driven hard and not consistently as their predecessors were. And in all these popular classes the cars are not only more efficient, but are far more beautiful to look at. The splendid coachwork which English body-builders have always provided for their luxury cars is now almost universal, and for beauty of line many of this year's models are vast improvements on their predecessors even of last year. As for comfort, it is difficult to see how one can be uncomfortable in most of the cars to be seen at Olympia. In the smallest cars there seems to be plenty of room available even for the largest of full-grown people, and there is not only leg-room in them, but, what is just as important, there is plenty of elbow room. Doors are wider, luggage containers are more economical of space, the sliding roof is becoming universal, and the days of motoring discomfort are definitely past.

This being so, the motor car is no longer either a luxury or a somewhat risky adventure. It is a household necessity, especially to the man or woman who will naturally become an owner-driver as soon as it has been bought. The counsel of perfection in a small owner-driver's car is utter reliability coupled with a complete capacity for enduring neglect. In these days a car should run perfectly so long as you put petrol in at one end and lubricating oil at the other, keep the tyres sufficiently inflated and occasionally use a grease gun. It should not need an experienced mechanic to keep it in order, nor should it require frequent repairs and renewals. And it may be said quite firmly, without fear of contradiction, that from this point of view most of the cars at Olympia are thoroughly sound. There are few if any, firms to-day who look on the selling of a car as the preliminary to a steady income derived from keeping it in order. Loss of goodwill is the greatest disaster which can overtake a modern concern, and the motorist of to-day expects value for his money, a guarantee which will be honourably interpreted, and a car which really gives honest service. And to-day, fortunately, he can get what he wants.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon, whose engagement to Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, R.A.F., third son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, is announced. Miss Bowes-Lyon, who is a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, is the only daughter of the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon.

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COUNTRY NOTES

BY flying from England to Australia in less than ten days Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith has added yet another notable achievement to the records of British aviation. The fact that there were two other competitors in the field made the race intensely exciting, and it must have been a dramatic moment when, on arriving at Timor, before attempting the last "hop" to Port Darwin, Kingsford-Smith saw the machine of one of his rivals lying wrecked just outside the landing ground. It was a cruel turn of luck which prevented Flight-Lieutenant Hill at the last moment from being the first to lower Hinkler's record, and no one sympathised with him more keenly than did his successful rival. But if to only one of the two belongs the satisfaction of having established a new set of time-figures, both deserve an equal share of admiration for their pluck, endurance and fine airmanship. Their machines were both British all through, Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith following the example of Hinkler in using an Avro-Avian, while Flight-Lieutenant Hill flew a Gipsy Moth. These flights have proved in the most astonishing way the qualities of the single-engined light aeroplane, which is capable of reaching the farthest parts of the Empire.

EVERY Etonian of less than forty-five years standing will send a little wreath of kind thoughts to the funeral of that good and faithful servant of the school, known better as "Fusee" than by his patronymic of William Hall. Among all the faces that peer through the mists of memory from Eton days—faces of boys and masters and old servants of one kind or another—Fusee's *farouche* but genial countenance remains one of the most vivid. His was a personality which impressed itself the more because his relations with boys were strictly formal. He was anything but pompous, yet he discharged his often intimate duties with a natural dignity that proceeded from pride in the school and a stern sense of what befitted Etonians. A good deal has been said, both on the occasion of his retirement last year and now at his death, about his duty of holding down boys who were being birched. But his normal duty of entering every schoolroom every hour to fetch the master's return of attendance inevitably impressed his appearance deeply on one's memory. It is as a landmark that his passing is sad, while the wide notice given to his death testifies to the place his personality won for itself in thousands of youthful hearts.

GOLF'S Indian summer ended last week, as far as important competitions are concerned, with the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon, won for the second year in succession by Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet. As long, however, as the welcome, if belated, sunshine continues, golfers, robbed of their summer games, will try hard to

make up for lost time, and all courses were full at the weekend. The crowd on any private course, however, does not exist by comparison with that on the public course in Richmond Park. On last Sunday six hundred players paid their money, and we are told that those who had been energetic enough to buy their tickets at eight o'clock in the morning had a wait of five hours before they could tee a ball. Those who complain if they have to wait while the couple in front appear rather slow must stand ashamed when they think of the enthusiasm of these public course golfers. Wherever they have been made, public courses have always been a success, both from the point of view of pleasure and of profit, and municipal authorities might embark on more of them with confidence.

ENGLISH lawn tennis players had great hopes that one of their own number would this year win the Covered Court Championship. Austin had beaten the mighty Borotra in the match between Paris and London, and he had swept victoriously through to the final without the faintest difficulty. Yet, when it came to the point, disappointment was England's portion once more, and the Frenchman by sheer force of character, as it would seem, rather than by superior skill, got the best of a long fight. Possibly he likes the match of five sets better than one of three, and laid his plans accordingly; but, even so, Austin carried off the second and third sets with such supreme ease that it seemed that he must win. Yet Borotra proved most dangerous just when he was beginning to look tired, and caught his man in the end. Borotra is coming to the stage when he is described as "not quite so young as he used to be"; he had a cold, and his is the type of game which most prodigally exhausts the player. Yet it was his stamina and lasting power that pulled him through.

SUSSEX LARKS.

Where do the larks sing
As on a Sussex down?
It seems the distant sea,
The chalk cliffs and the town
Add to their ecstasy:

As if the gorse and thorn
And the low-lying hills,
River and rolling plain
Had taught them secret trills,
Stolen from sky and rain:

As if that shepherd lad,
Up from the village there,
With sea-wind in his eyes
And happy, careless air,
Had lent them melodies.

For such a surge of song
Cannot be all their own;
They must have borrowed part
Of their perfect tone
From Sussex soil and heart!

O. P. HAMILTON.

A LETTER that we publish this week solicits further support for the maintenance of Farnham Castle as a centre of diocesan activities in Surrey. For close on nine centuries that fortress on the oldest of English roads—the way from Salisbury Plain to Dover—was the Bishop of Winchester's residence. But with the creation of the diocese of Guildford this connection is broken. It is hoped to raise sufficient funds to enable the Bishop of Guildford to live in part of the castle and for the remainder to be used for general diocesan purposes. Bishop Foxe's great brick tower is well known to travellers, but the magnificent chapel decorated after the Restoration is less often seen, and our correspondent describes recent discoveries that carry the history of the existing buildings back to a date earlier than was previously ascribed to them. It is obviously worth while making an effort to prevent this splendid historical monument from being alienated and turned to strange purposes. Particularly should the inhabitants of Surrey make it their business to keep their castle in their own corporate possession.

SOME interesting conclusions were reached by the international conference on the scientific examination and preservation of works of art which was held last week at Rome. As might be expected, the recent increase in international loan exhibitions provided an important subject of discussion. Among the hundreds of pictures assembled in London last winter not one received serious injury. Nevertheless, a majority of the experts agreed that, in view of the possibility of damage caused by travel, if by no other accidents, only exhibitions with a strictly scientific object ought to be supported. It would be a misfortune if this technical objection, serious as it is, compromised the interchange of national exhibitions which, better perhaps than any other form of intercourse, furthers civilisation and international understanding. Yet Professor Rerica was right in maintaining that even better than the holding of exhibitions would be the increase of facilities for travel, enabling people of different countries to see not only their neighbours' art, but their homes. Another of the conference's activities concerned the restoration of pictures. It is to be hoped that the body of experience contributed by experts of all nationalities will be made accessible to all who have pictures in their possession by the International Museum Office publishing pamphlets on the subject and establishing a bureau for collating the results of experiments.

IT is with great regret that we record the untimely death, in most tragic circumstances, of Mr. E. H. Wilson, the Keeper of the Arnold Arboretum. Mr. Wilson's success, so widely recognised to-day, was not only due to his intelligence, his sympathy and his energy, but was based on an extensive and profound knowledge of plants in the field and under cultivation. After his early training under Sir W. T. Thisleton Dyer at Kew, he went out to China in 1899 as a collector of rare plants and seeds on behalf of Messrs. Veitch, the famous Coombe Wood firm of that time, and his journeys took him all over central and western China and the Tibetan frontier. His first mission was a brilliant success and resulted in the successful introduction to our gardens of such plants as the handsome *Davidii involucrata*, *Buddleia variabilis Veitchiana*, *Astilbe Davidii*, and numerous species of roses, spiræas, vines, maples and magnolias. Mr. Wilson returned a year later to continue his labours, and among his finds were several lilies (including *Lilium Regale*), that magnificent yellow poppy, *Meconopsis integrifolia* and *Berberis Wilsonæ*. He continued to collect in later years for the Arnold Arboretum under the direction of Professor Sargent, whom three years ago he succeeded as Keeper, and the extensive tree and shrub collection in "America's greatest garden" is not only testimony to his work as a collector, but proof of his abilities as an able administrator. With all his duties in the field, he found time for writing, and horticultural literature is richer to-day by many admirable volumes from his pen.

IT used to be a custom, when a new Chancellor had been installed at either of the Universities, for him to visit the colleges one by one and be suitably entertained by each. Such a leisurely progress took up several days, and under modern conditions is scarcely possible when the Chancellor is often a busy man with many public duties to perform. Mr. Baldwin, Lord Balfour's successor at Cambridge, is solving the difficulty by holding a levee at the Fitzwilliam Museum, where members of the Senate will have the opportunity of paying their respects to the new Chancellor. At present one of the chief deficiencies of the University is the want of any large reception rooms for official functions apart from the Senate House. When the new library has been completed—and work on it is very soon to be begun—no doubt rooms will be available in the old buildings. Meanwhile, the Fitzwilliam serves as a useful, if not entirely suitable, understudy. The extensions to the museum, which have been made possible through the generosity of the Courtauld family, are now nearing completion, and it is expected that they will be ready for use during the summer. The excellent idea has been put forward that after the official opening they should be used first of all for an

exhibition of college plate like that which was held two years ago at Oxford.

MOST of us have a certain contempt for those who avowedly shun the number thirteen. Nevertheless, although, of course, we "don't believe in such nonsense," we are apt to be on the safe side and avoid it ourselves if we can do so inconspicuously. It is, therefore, with mixed feelings that we hear of the ruthless conduct of the County Council which has decreed that No. 12A Berkeley Square must henceforward appear in its true colours and be re-numbered. It seems that after so many years they might have put a charitably blind eye to the telescope. There was once a distinguished scientific gentleman at Cambridge who lived in a road that had no numbers, but rejoiced in names of the "Glenside" and "Larch" type. He made an elaborate calculation, concluded that his house was No. 13, and painted up the number accordingly, to the smothered indignation of his fellow-Glensides, some of whom lamented alike his lack of gentility and his flouting of superstition. To-day, all the houses in that road are numbered and no misfortune has yet fallen on No. 13, but there is always the haunting fear that it may do so, and if it does, no doubt there will be plenty of people to say, "I told you so."

"NO woman," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "should marry a teetotaller or a man who does not smoke." The second piece of advice, at any rate, is almost certainly sound, but a lady may, nevertheless, legitimately desire now and then to get away from her husband. Hitherto life has been hard for that fabulous animal, now rapidly becoming extinct, the non-smoker, since travellers have fallen into the habit of disregarding labels and smoking where they please. Now the Great Western Railway is inaugurating a new era by setting aside and labelling 25 per cent. of the compartments of any train for those who want to avoid tobacco, and the law is to be strictly enforced.

Spotless preserve us an untainted shrine,
Not for thy sake, O goddess of creation.
Not for thy sake, O woman, but for mine,

will be the song of the ticket collector to the young lady with the long cigarette-holder, and we hope he will stick firmly to his guns.

TRIOLET.

Richmond Park is full of deer,
Gently nibbling at the grass.
Playful, eager, free from fear,
Richmond Park is full of deer.
Call them and they venture near,
Taking toffee as they pass—
Richmond Park is full of deer,
Gently nibbling at the grass.

ANNA E. WILLIAMS.

WIGAN, the name of which has only to be uttered upon the music-hall stage for ribald laughter to greet it, is, in reality, a rather dignified and agreeable town. And Oldham, which supercilious southerners picture as a grim industrial town, is rapidly making itself into a pattern that all other towns, if they have any self-respect, will have to copy. Already it has a tree-planting committee and a "Beautiful Oldham Society," which has an offshoot called the "Young Oldham Parliament"—a union of school children and teachers that inculcates pride in the town's appearance and traditions. On the occasion of a C.P.R. exhibition, a "tidiness week" was held last week, when not a tram ticket was to be seen in the roads, or a doorstep that did not glisten. Moreover, members of the Corporation publish booklets on civic pride and cleanliness. In one way and another, the town is being educated to respect itself to an extent that puts more beautiful and popular cities to shame, and ensures that, when matters of amenity, public spirit or architecture arise, Oldham will at least have an enlightened scale of values. Thirty years' work has gone to the evolution of this spirit of self-respect, and it is to be wished that every town in England would follow Oldham's example before it is too late.

THE VULCAN KENNELS



FIVE GENERATIONS.

THE appearance of pet dogs, whenever that event occurred thousands of years ago, marked a stage in the progress of civilisation. Primitive man, with intellect not much in advance of the brutes, must have been wholly concerned with the problems of living, protecting himself and his family against the inclemency of the weather, and getting the better of his enemies. He had neither the taste for indulging in gentler pursuits nor the opportunity of enjoying them. Though we do not know how the small dogs came, modern experience has shown that with material so responsive there is not much difficulty in fashioning a new breed or dwarfing one that is established, in creating new colours or altering the style of the coat.

The Egyptians had their pet dogs in the days of the Pharaohs, and later on the grand dames of Greece and Rome made much of them.

As the ages progressed they became a feature of social and domestic life. Some were put to useful purpose. Madame, sister-in-law of Louis XIV, on being advised to get an eiderdown quilt, which had then been invented, replied: "I never in my life heard of an eiderdown quilt. What keeps me warm in bed are six little doggies which lie round me. No quilt is so warm as the good doggies." People are apt to be as sensitive over their dogs as they are about their babies, expecting everyone to admire them. Charles Lamb understood the weakness when he wrote that

"Scylla must have broken off many excellent matches in her time, if she insisted upon all that loved her loving her dogs also." Disraeli, too, knew human nature. As the hero of one of his novels was about to take up a secretarial post he was advised that "there are three persons, mind you, to be attended to: my lord, or my lady, as the case may be (usually the latter), the pet daughter, and the pet dog."

The advent of dog shows whetted our appetites, inciting us to improve old breeds and import foreign. Forty years had to pass, bringing us to the end of last century, before the movement reached its fullest expression. Pekingese were rediscovered then, and among the other strangers that excited attention were

the Griffons Bruxellois, or Brussels Griffons, as we soon came to call them. These engaging little dogs attracted people in several ways. As will be seen from the illustrations of a few of those belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ionides of Orleans House, Twickenham, they have quaint heads and impudent expressions, which are supposed to give them a quasi-human appearance. Their beards and moustaches, round skulls and short noses give them an individuality that makes them different from others. Above all, although small enough to be described as toys, they are so plucky and sporting as to entitle them to a place among the terriers. They will tackle rats almost as heavy as themselves, and enjoy anything



T. Fall. THE HON. MRS. IONIDES WITH SOME BROOD BITCHES. Copyright.



VULCAN NON NON NANETTE, VULCAN TAMBOUR, VULCAN MANON AND VULCAN BINETTE.

that bigger dogs will do. A lady once complained to me that a griffon which had been given to her as her own special companion had been appropriated by the male members of the household.

At one time their prospects in the show ring were encouraging, the competition among several powerful kennels stimulating interest. Then the enthusiasm waned, to be revived again in recent years, and the appearance of Mrs. Ionides as an exhibitor has given a welcome impetus to the breed. It may be said at once that a good many disappointments are encountered, owing to the fact that they are not prolific breeders.

Mrs. Ionides has so many, however, and has established her strain so carefully that we always expect to see some good ones at shows bearing the prefix of "Vulcan." Of course, they are brought up under ideal conditions, and their mistress has also imported fresh blood of approved quality from Belgium. The illustration of five generations affords testimony to her judgment.

The ancestress of the group is Biddy of Frogpool, and we have further her daughter, Dame Trot of Frogpool; her granddaughter, Peggotty of Frogpool; her great-granddaughter, Phoebe; and her great-great-granddaughter, Vulcan Vernita. A puppy of the next generation could have reinforced the picture, but, being very young and bashful, it would not pose.

Vulcan Rin Tin Tin is a fine specimen of the Griffon Belge, being very cobby in shape and having a harsh black coat as well as a typical head and tiny semi-erect ears. By virtue of these merits he has won many prizes.

Vulcan Ketje and Vulcan Satan are champions in Brussels,

but, having cropped ears, they cannot be shown in England for competition. They are invaluable at the stud, however. Vulcan Trotsky, having been imported as a puppy, escaped having his ears mutilated, and he has won many prizes, being admired for his short back and bright red colour. I cannot do more than make a brief survey of the most important members of the kennels.



VULCAN TROTSKY, VULCAN SATAN, VULCAN KETJE AND VULCAN JOFFRE.

T. Fall.
VULCAN VERNITA, GRIFFON BRUXELLOIS.THE THREE GENERATIONS.
VULCAN RIN TIN TIN, GRIFFON BELGE.Copyright.
VULCAN MAMINE, BRABANCON.



SOME OF THE CAIRN TERRIERS: VULCAN CULLOCH, VULCAN FOXIE, VULCAN JOCK AND VULCAN VIXIE.

for it would take much space to describe all the Griffons that may be seen at Orleans House. Mrs. Ionides has recently started in Cairn terriers, of which she hopes to get a successful kennel. In doing this she is going from one extreme to the other, the Griffon exhibitors being comparatively few while Cairns are in many hands. Three varieties of Griffons are recognised in Belgium, their native home. That with which we are most familiar, the rough red dogs, is the Griffon Bruxellois; the Griffon Brabançon is smooth-coated, which is most useful for crossing with the others; and the Griffon Belge is a rough-coated black. In England they are grouped together. Points to look for are a short, cobby body, carrying a harsh coat. The rounded head is furnished with irregular hairs, short and hard on the skull, and long and soft round eyes, nose and cheeks. Small, semi-erect ears are wanted, and the nose cannot be too short. There should be a pronounced "stop" or depression below the eyes. The chest should be wide and deep, legs straight and of medium length.

Temperament counts for a good deal. We always like to see a Griffon looking full of importance and self-esteem as he comes into the ring, and not apologising for his presence. The contrast is very great between a sturdy dog in a little compass and one that is light in bone and weedy. Brussels Griffons, wrote an authority, should be essentially large dogs in miniature. Theories about the origin of the breed have been numerous, some saying that they are descendants of dogs that existed centuries ago in the Netherlands and other parts of Europe. Certainly small pets appear as accessories in several great paintings that might conceivably have been the progenitors of the Griffons, but they had jaws of the normal shape. The most probable idea is that they are of comparatively modern extraction, having been a mixture of terrier and pug and, possibly, spaniel. It really does not matter, as they now breed so truly that the name means to experts a definite type of dog that cannot be mistaken for any other.

A. CROXTON SMITH



VULCAN VIXIE.



T. Fall.

VULCAN BADGER.



VULCAN FOXIE.

Copyright.

AUTUMN RACING AT NEWMARKET



GOING TO THE STARTING POST FOR THE NEWMARKET OAKS WON BY M. BOUSSAC'S DIADEME.
THE RIGHT HAND FILLY OF THE LEADING PAIR.

THE Second October Meeting at Newmarket was brimful of some of the best things in racing. Certainly H.H. the Aga Khan had reason to share that opinion. He was among us again for the first time since Ascot, and his reappearance coincided with his elevation to the head of the list of the season's winning owners. The distinction he has achieved (not for the first time) with a total of over £43,000, thirteen of his horses having won something like nineteen races of the total value mentioned.

Seldom has it happened that the race for the Champion Stakes, which is a feature of the first day of the Second October Meeting at headquarters, has been so worthy of its name. It happened now, however, that there were in opposition three classic winners of 1930 in Singapore (St. Leger), Diolite (Two Thousand Guineas) and Fair Isle (One Thousand Guineas); a winner of the Eclipse Stakes in Rustom Pasha, Athford (a Doncaster Cup winner of last year), Grace Dalrymple, who had just commenced to pick up her fine form of a year ago, and a smart four year old performer in Empire Builder.

They made a brave array, and the "smart four year old performer" went out favourite and a clear one at that. Of the classic winners, Singapore was preferred to Fair Isle, while Diolite was almost neglected at 10 to 1. Rustom Pasha, who was destined to win, was fourth favourite at 6 to 1; while the filly, Grace Dalrymple, who was only caught thirty yards or so from the post, was a 10 to 1 chance. Except for those who were interested in Singapore and must have been chagrined by his astonishingly poor performance, the race provided as fine a spectacle as could have been wished for. There was Grace Dalrymple always showing the way, and Singapore just as conspicuous in the rear. One after the other had a cut at the filly and were disposed of. After Fair Isle had retired just as they began the race out of the Dip to the winning post, Rustom Pasha was brought from behind with that long run for which the colt is now famous.

As at Sandown, it was most effective now, for the colt, with his long powerful strides, steadily wore down Grace Dalrymple to get the better of her and claim a win by three parts of a length. But I would not think of condemning Singapore on this

one very bad showing. If it had not been so bad one might have been tempted to take it seriously.

I remember when Ut Majeur won a race at Newbury in the spring noting that he might one day go on to bigger things, while his breeding suggested stamina. At Goodwood he dead-heated with Press Gang, the latter, however, conceding 10lb. Prior to the St. Leger he fell a victim to coughing and had not been long in work when he ran a good fourth there, just behind his stable companion, Rustom Pasha. To be quite frank, I did not think he looked at all well, and perhaps that impression lingered and prevented me taking him as seriously for the Cesarewitch as some folk, better inspired, most certainly did.

At the First October Meeting he ran for and won the Newmarket St. Leger over a long course. Success involved him in a 5lb. penalty, bringing his weight to 8st. 3lb. for the Cesarewitch. Now that is a big weight for a three year old, and, indeed, has only been exceeded with success by two other three year olds in the long history of the race. They were Robert the Devil and St. Gatien, both horses of quality. Having participated in the race for the St. Leger and done creditably, Ut Majeur had some class, and it was this which, I am sure, enabled him to prevail over a big bunch of common or garden handicappers.

And how did he prevail? By four lengths he beat the hot favourite, Friendship, in Mr. J. B. Joel's colours, while that horse in turn was five lengths ahead of the third, Old Orkney. A small crowd of them made a keen bid for third place, but, apart from that, the race ended in an amazing procession. Ut Majeur left one with the impression that he could have won

with another 7lb. on his back at least, and we saw for ourselves how the favourite would have smashed up the opposition and justified the short price taken about him had the Aga Khan kept to his first intention of starting Ut Majeur for the Lowther Stakes and not for the Cesarewitch.

The success of this horse will encourage those who have faith that breeding from proved staying lines of blood must prevail in the long run. Ut Majeur's sire, Ksar, was a stay, while the dam and grand-dam were performers of exceptional distinction. The dam, Uganda, is a young mare, but already she has done wonderfully



Frank Griggs.

H.H. AGA KHAN'S UT MAJEUR, WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.

M. Beary up.

Copyright.

well, while the Aga Khan is good enough to tell me that he has the greatest hopes of her yearling by Blandford and her foal by Tetratema. Uganda, I may add, is supposed to be in foal to Blandford again.

The third winner of importance attributed to the Aga Khan was his very smart two year old filly, Turtle Soup, a daughter of Tetratema that had finished second for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and was an important Nursery winner later at Newbury. At Newmarket last week she very easily won the Suffolk Nursery from some smart opponents. I imagine her short-priced favouritism was in a measure due to the very easy success of Sir Abe Bailey's Portlaw in the race for the Middle Park Stakes. This race had taken place earlier in the afternoon, and, of course, it was recalled how Turtle Soup had been a very good second to Portlaw at Doncaster while Lemnarchus had only been third.

There are a number of other events of last week I would like to recall, but one in particular stands out among my impressions. Moreover, some mention of it will lead me to a reference to next week's race for the Cambridgeshire. Nothing I have seen for a long time delighted me so much as the Select Stakes win of Mr. Arthur Dewar's three year old chestnut colt, The Recorder, by Captain Cuttle from Lady Juror, by Son in Law. Receiving 10lb. from Lord Harewood's four year old, Alcester,

he won quite easily by a length and a half. Third, receiving 15lb. from the winner, was Sir Alfred Butt's Lord Bill. There were three other starters of whom Lord Rosebery's Midlothian might possibly have been third place. He meets The Recorder on something like a stone better terms for the Cambridgeshire; Alcester will have a 6lb. pull.

The Recorder is the finest individual I have seen for some years. He is imposing to the point of being impressive. With his fine size he is balanced, true in conformation, with the bone to support the generous muscular development. Often you will find big horses lacking in quality. The Recorder is the big horse of quality, and it is my belief he will prove what an exceptional individual he is by winning the Cambridgeshire next week under his big weight for a three year old of 8st. 7lb.

There is going to be a very big field for the race next week. Alcester I respect, and the Aga Khan and his trainer have big hopes of completing what would be a wonderful double event were the three year old filly Qurrat-al-Ain to win. I give a chance to Racedale, so narrowly beaten for the Duke of York Handicap, and I suggest that Lord Glanely's Grandmaster be taken seriously if only because I believe this owner and trainer have considerable hopes of the much improved five year old. Six Wheeler and The Pen can be noted, but Lord Bill will have to do ever so much better than was the case behind The Recorder last week.

PHILIPPOS.

HEROINES AND HEROES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

LAST week saw the tenth anniversary of one of the pleasantest of all golfing tournaments, the Mixed Foursomes of Worplesdon. I remember that in the first round in the first year one of our adversaries—it was the lady—topped her tee shot into the water-lily pond at the tenth hole. There had, presumably, been some very dry weather, for the pond had scarcely any water in it, and the lady made her partner step like a tremulous chamois from point to point over the mud till he reached the ball. He then, perhaps of malice aforethought, left it much where it was before, and the lady refused to come and have any more shots at it.

I mention that circumstance not from any lack of chivalry, but to point my moral. This time, when I was not playing myself, I watched many couples play that tenth hole; sometimes the man took the tee shot and sometimes the lady, but never once did I see a shot into the water: ball after ball came pitching bravely up on to the green, there were many chances of twos and several of them taken. I doubt if a single soul ever put a ball in the pond during four days. That is only one illustration of the fact which nobody can doubt, that the general standard of golf, and particularly of ladies' golf, has gone up a great deal in those ten years. Once upon a time we used to think anything under 80 a very fine score for a mixed pair. This time people were clinging to an average of fours, and those who did 78's and 79's admitted that they had not played well enough and lost by 3 and 2 or 4 and 3. The ladies as a whole drive ever so much farther than they did ten years ago. Unless my memory is playing tricks with me, it used to be considered a marvel when Miss Wethered and her brother reached the twelfth green in two shots. For everyone else it was a three-shot hole, but now all sorts of humbler folk can on occasions get right home. There is the sixth hole, again. Most couples used to want two full shots "and then some." Last week in two successive rounds I saw Miss Gourlay take an iron for her second after Major Hezlet's drive and bang the ball right up to the pin. I suppose Miss Wethered has had a good deal to do with it. Our billiard players are making bigger breaks because they have to try to live up to Lindrum, and similarly our ladies, however faint and pursuing, have had to try to live up to Miss Wethered's standard. At any rate, more and more of them hit the ball infernally hard and play infernally well.

On a good many occasions I have had the agreeable and otiose position of referee in the final. Up till this year my recollections have invariably been of pouring rain and a match that spared us nothing, but went on to the bitter, drenching end. This time no drop of rain fell; the sun shone and everything was lovely; but since it is not good for us to have everything we like, the match itself was not a match at all. Miss Esmond and Mr. Wethered gave it the semblance of one by sticking to their guns very pluckily and taking advantage of the natural supineness or charity of their enemies, but Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet had played altogether too well to begin with. They did the first thirteen holes in the morning in nine and forty shots and stood ten up; after that, much as

one admired the losers' resolution, there was really nothing to be said except that they were unconscionably long a-dying.

Golf is a game of ironies. Miss Gourlay and her partner holed the first eighteen holes in the final in 73. It was a better round even than it appears on paper, for they palpably slackened in their efforts towards the end and might well have taken two or three strokes less. Still, they actually did 73, and were nine holes up on a couple who had done precisely the same score in the semi-final on the day before. Such is golf! That semi-final was the best and most exciting match in the whole tournament, and taking the two pairs together, I have never seen better "mixed" golf than that played by Miss Esmond and Mr. Wethered, Miss Enid Wilson and Major Martin. Moreover, I am sure that I have never seen so agonising a finish. Miss Esmond and her partner were dormy one and were just over the bank at the back of the green in two. Miss Wilson put her second in the bunker, Major Martin heaved it out with too hearty a good will right over the green, and Miss Wilson, playing the two more, pitched back beautifully close to the hole. But what did it matter? Mr. Wethered was only a few yards from the hole with three for the match, and had only to bump his ball up on to the green somehow. He did not bump it hard enough; the ball tottered and stumbled nearly to the top of the bank and then stopped; why it did not roll right back again to the foot Heaven only knows. It stopped on the way down, Miss Esmond put it quite a long way short, and then Mr. Wethered made heroic amends by holing a putt of well over two yards. It was heroic, for, had he failed, there seemed nothing for it but the nearest gas-oven; suicide was clearly indicated.

Miss Wilson and her partner had another great match, full of good golf, against Mrs. Porter and Mr. de Montmorency, who put up a wonderfully gallant resistance. Miss Wilson's brassey shot hit straight to the pin was one of the bravest and best shots I ever saw at the end of a match; it was almost impudently brave, for her side was dormy one, and lesser people would have played safely to the left, but I suppose she felt she could do it, and in that case no doubt she was right to go out for the big shot. An equally exciting but less brilliant finish was that between Miss Wethered and Lord Charles Hope, and Miss Beard and Mr. Gordon Stewart. Mr. Stewart went into the whins, Miss Wethered into the car park, and one side could not find its ball, the other could not find the owner of the car, who had locked it up so that it could not be moved. A third good ending was that in which Miss Watts and Mr. Matthews chased Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet till they nearly expired, but it lacked the supremely theatrical element; it was terribly close, and yet one always thought that the big guns must win.

Two couples who greatly distinguished themselves were Miss Dampney and Mr. Grant White, the slayers of Miss Wethered, and Miss Park and Mr. Forsyth, who conquered these conquerors. They both deserved more praise than anyone could find room to give them, for the fact is that the Wethered family dominates these foursomes, alike by its skill and its popularity, and is always doing something so dramatic that it

compels one to look at it and write about it. I know one little girl who lives on the outskirts of the course at Worpleston. She is now ten years old, and ever since she was about four I seem to remember her saying to her mamma at breakfast: "May I go out to see Joyce?" That is what everyone else

says, too; and even on the day of the final, quite a perceptible number of spectators went out to watch the redoubtable lady playing off a triple tie over nine holes in a Bogey competition for beaten horses and let the finalists look after themselves. That is fame indeed.

SCENT—THE DETERMINING FACTOR

IT has long been a tradition that at this time of year a few of those fox hunters with literary pretensions should put pen to paper and, with tongue firmly in cheek, discuss whether the coming season will be good, bad or indifferent. Some will even claim to know whether England contains more foxes this autumn than at the corresponding time last year. Others content themselves with explaining that Mr. Slapdash has succeeded Colonel Craner as Master of the South Blankshire, and conclude that it *must* be a good season. All this makes interesting reading for any who may have temporarily lost touch with the hunting field, but all those who hunt regularly know that prospects do not alter so radically between one season and its successor. Apart from outbreaks of mange in foxes, rabies and foot-and-mouth disease, there are very few influences able suddenly to stop fox hunting in any particular neighbourhood. It is only gradually, indeed, that fox hunting recovers from a world war, but, having recovered, it maintains its position very steadily. A few Masters resign every year, and death has lately made some sad gaps in the ranks of the remainder, but despite an increase in taxation, their places are invariably filled. Of hounds, horses, foxes, Hunt servants and Masters there is at least an adequate supply—what is there yet lacking to ensure a good season? The answer is—the certainty of a good scent, and that is the most intangible of all influences. One might as well hope to forecast whether 1931 will be a hot summer, as

one may detect the smoothing influence of a good scenting day as early as shaving time. But we must confess that at this hour our powers of observation are not at their strongest, and it is while on the way to the meet that we consider whether the fates are smiling or frowning. Almost any indication is then welcomed, from encounters with magpies and chimney sweeps to the more substantial evidence of clouds and weather-vanes—and probably the magpie is quite as good a judge of scent as anyone. But for us, at any rate, it adds one more to the many interests of the hunting field to make some decision, and as the day advances to see our established guides confirmed or confounded. It was in print that we first found a really helpful suggestion—that scent is of at least two varieties, due to the hunted animal's pad and body respectively. The "pad scent," being somehow attached to the ground, is restricted to the exact path of the fox, or whatever the hunted animal may be. But the "body scent," being deposited in the air above, is a more volatile quantity, and rises, falls or drifts, according to the state of the atmosphere. On those memorable days when there is "a screaming scent" it hangs at just the right level for hounds to race with heads up and sterns down. On windy days it drifts so much that they may often be seen running hard fifty yards down-wind of the true line. Under the worst conditions it disappears altogether, and hounds, with their noses glued to the ground, can merely hunt the pad scent. The



H. Barrett. WITH NOSES GLUED TO THE GROUND: SOME GOOD HOUNDWORK IN PROGRESS. Copyright.

to determine whether 1930-31 will be a good scenting season, and therefore productive of good sport. But scent and weather are closely allied, and just as the weather forms an indispensable, if not a fascinating, topic of conversation, so there is at least some interest to be gained from discussing the nature of scent, and the possibilities of analysing its properties.

For instance, one of the great problems eternally confronting the beagling man is that of whether or not to take off his waistcoat at the meet. Yet we dare to affirm that of those hardened enthusiasts who beagle, say, from Oxford, not one in five finds himself over-burdened on a good scenting day or underclothed on a bad one. Can it be that these young gentlemen know more of the mysteries of scent than the greatest of all authorities on hunting, who, in the pages of *Handley Cross*, merely sums up the whole subject in one trite comparison with the female sex? Perhaps not—certainly, if questioned, they could offer no constructive theory to account for their actions; but after even two or three seasons' acquaintance of the average hunting country, it is not impossible to forecast with fair accuracy what sport may be expected, partly from the weather conditions and partly from the past reputation of the day's meet. It is this alluring possibility which tempts those with longer experience to lay claim to a general intuition that there will or will not be "a scent"—a faculty, however, so subtle as to defy any plausible analysis. The late Lord Willoughby de Broke, for instance, stated that

state of the soil only affects the body scent according as it influences the temperature of the air just above it. For sometimes hounds run hard over grass and plough alike, though more often they are "brought to their noses"—i.e., to the pad scent—by a piece of cold plough. Certainly the ground intimately affects the pad scent, and heather, long grass and really wet plough are the most favourable for it, presumably because the fox must brush or slide through them, and so deposit from his body extra particles of scent, whatever they may be. Conversely, roads, dead leaves and hard dry plough are the worst surfaces, since the fox only lightly touches them with his pads.

That is the outline of one theory as to the nature of scent, and it can be made to accord with most of our everyday experiences. For instance, consider the fox himself. In practically all really good runs hounds are never far behind their fox, and the cry of "Yonder he goes!" is frequently to be heard. Thus the pack gain the full advantage of the body scent before it can drift or fade away, and the fox is also obliged to keep on at a level pace, so that his body scent is a more or less constant quantity. Hence the advantage of going away on good terms with a fox. For, undoubtedly, if a tired fox has a few minutes in which to lie down and get cool, his body scent weakens, owing, presumably, to the fact that the pores of his skin have closed. It is well known, too, that if a sheep dog courses a fox, scent usually fails completely. It may be that the extra effort made by the fox causes some fluctuation in the body scent, but more

probably the scent of the sheepdog foils that of the fox. For dogs do possess a very definite scent, and—low be it said—we have seen beagles hunting a line which was unquestionably that of another beagle. It has been suggested that the fox's breath is another factor in scent, but this we consider refuted by experience in drawing. Until a fox has "warmed up" he seems to have practically no body scent. Hounds can hunt his over-night drag, but that must certainly be pad scent. A fox lying curled up (or a fresh hare in her form) is occasionally chopped, but far more often is never roused. Yet he must breathe, however quiet he is, and if his breath were a brand of his own, surely hounds would usually wind him. But the fox is an inscrutable animal. On all occasions it is as well to remember the dictum of Charles Leedham of Meynell fame: "I know nowt about theoriss. All I know is that some foxes stinks a lot more than others"; and—at any rate, towards the end

of the season—it is both logical and sensible to infer that a particularly scentless fox is a vixen.

Working on this basis, the deciding factor in the day's sport is whether or not hounds can hunt the body scent. If they cannot, they may still, with the aid of the pad scent, run quite well, and perhaps kill their fox, but the pace will be only moderate. For a red-letter day the body scent must be concentrated at just the right height, and this height seems to be determined by some combination of the temperature, the barometer and the wind. It is on this combination that one may vainly speculate on the way to the meet. Everyone knows that "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" is one ideal. A rising glass is also favourable, and a great many people pin their faith to an evening frost. But the most satisfactory guide (also discovered in some article) we consider to be that scent—or, rather, the *body* scent, according to this theory—is good or bad, according as the air is cooler or warmer than the ground. For instance, when a warm sun is thawing a frost out of the ground, scent is invariably wretched; but when it begins to freeze in the evening, or if the wind changes to the east and acquires a "nip," hounds are apt to run like the Gadarene swine. Again, on an ordinary mild day, a piece of cold, sticky plough usually causes a check, whereas hounds run well on the warmer grass. There are exceptions, of course, and one of the most curious, which we have noticed several times with beagles, but have never seen confirmed in print, is that on a very still evening, with a ground mist beginning to form and an undeniable frost in the offing, scent appears to extend in all directions in a most extraordinary manner. On such occasions we have



RACING WITH HEADS UP AND STERNS DOWN—ON A GOOD SCENT.

of the barometer apparently intending to go over the rails on the lower side of the course? On fog and its influence we are in need of guidance. At present it seems that hounds run well if we are left with a bad start, and *vice versa*—not a convincing theory from a scientific point of view.

There is one other important point to be solved—this time by the botanist. Why should hounds find it so difficult to run

well in bracken? We are inclined to believe that crushed bracken has a strong smell of its own. Yet heather has a strong enough smell, and, as a rule, hounds run beautifully on heather. Unquestionably herbage has a strong influence on scent, and if that could be fathomed, we should, with the aid of the Old Berkshire Foxhounds, be better able to explain a fact which puzzled "The Druid," that "on Appleton Common they can carry a head in any weather, while Tubney Wood, just over the next ditch, is the worst scenting wood in the world."

Yet is anyone the wiser after this survey? It must be confessed that the answer is in the negative, for all this is mere conjecture. But that is not a matter for regret, for the knowledge could be put to no practical advantage. No sportsman worthy of the name would stay at home, even if a bad scenting day were assured, and at present one can always hope for "a quick thing when it comes on to freeze to-night," or "a better start with the next fox." If it could be arranged that all hunting days were good scenting days, fox-hunting would degenerate into drag-hunting.

Personally, we are resigned to failure as regards forecasting either a good scenting day or a successful season, having long since decided that in the glorious uncertainty of the chase lies the chief feature of its charm. M. F.



H. Barrett.

HEADS UP, BUT FOR ANOTHER REASON.

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THE Universities of Oxford & Cambridge

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE—II.

The second court was built between 1598 and 1602 and the cost defrayed by Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury. To this a third court was added by the erection of a library (1622-24) and two new ranges (1669-72).

DURING the greater part of the sixteenth century St. John's could claim to be the largest and most important college in the University. But before the century closed the great Royal foundation which had been growing up beside it was already threatening its eclipse. The addition of a second court in the same style and on the same scale of grandeur as the first was the reply which St. John's made to Neville's great court of Trinity.

The rivalry between the two colleges is reflected in a remark made by King James in the course of one of his visits to Cambridge, to the effect that there was now no more difference between them "than betwixt a Shilling and two Sixpences." The *mot* was as tactful as it was happy. For a whole century what might be called a building contest between the two neighbours went on. And for a time Trinity, under Neville's energetic government, definitely took the lead. But if the

addition of his second court changed the shilling into one and six, it was not many years later that the two sixpences became three. By the end of the seventeenth century a truce was called and both colleges were content to cry "quits."

The ordered chain of courts which at St. John's resulted from this competitive building is responsible for what is the college's chief charm. Standing in front of the main gate one can look through four successive archways between the street and the river. It is like looking through a peep-show, from one compartment to the next, on and on into the diminishing distance. Or, if we prefer to take a loftier view—from the chapel tower, for instance—a musical analogy suggests itself. The regular succession of courts likens itself to the compact sonata form, with its four well defined movements, Rickman's ambitious building providing the grand finale.

The second court to-day is the most admired of the four. Ruskin's pronouncement still commands respect, while the first court since its making is no longer a competitor. But although it is a singularly perfect example of Elizabethan building, its brickwork does not possess the same rich colour or texture as that of the hall or entrance gate-tower. Moreover, as we shall see later, the college had considerable trouble over its erection. The contractors seem to have skimped their work and might almost be accused of jerry-building. Writing two hundred years ago, Baker, the college historian, spoke of it as "a slight and crazy building which can never live up to the age of the first court," perhaps basing his conclusion on the entire absence of party-walls in any portion of it. But, in spite of his forebodings, it has



1.—DETAIL OF THE EAST SIDE OF THE GATE-TOWER IN THE SECOND COURT.
*The statue of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who paid for the erection of the court, was set up in 1671.
Sculptor, Thomas Burman.*



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2.—THE SECOND COURT, FROM THE NORTH-EAST (1588-1602).

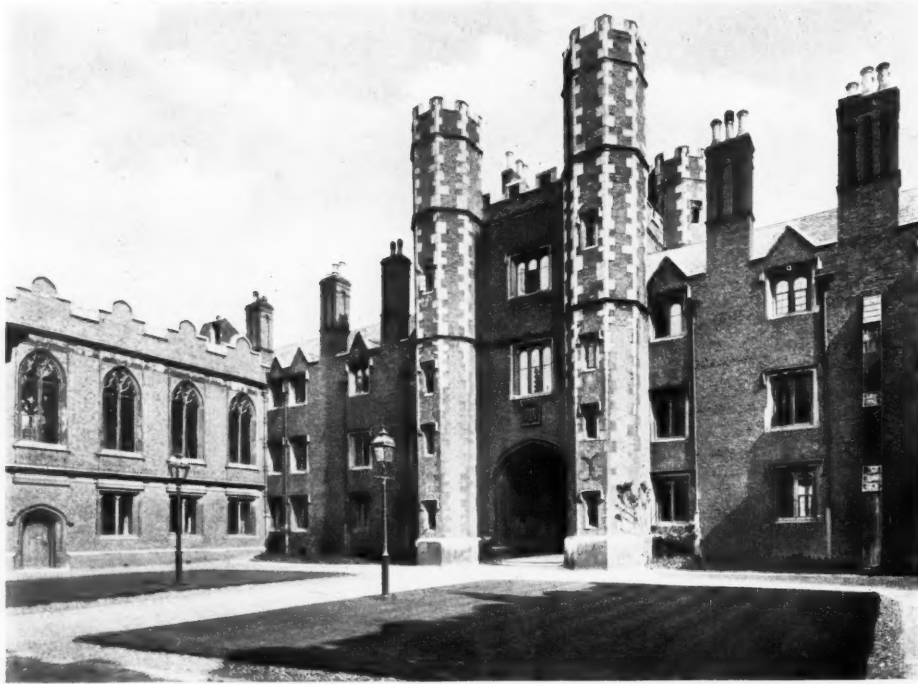
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3.—FROM THE CHAPEL TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



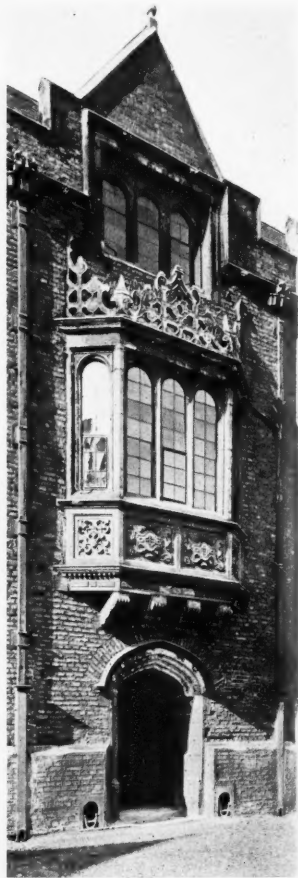
Copyright. 4.—THE SECOND GATE-TOWER, FROM THE THIRD COURT. "C.L."



Copyright. 5.—FRONTISPIECE OF THE RIVERSIDE RANGE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

survived three hundred and thirty years with little visible deterioration.

So important an addition to the college—it practically doubled its size—was made possible through the energy of Richard Clayton (appointed Master in 1595) and the generosity of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury. Daughter of the redoubtable "Bess of Hardwick," by her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, she was married off by her mother while still in her early 'teens. The match was part of Bess's great scheme for uniting her already large inheritance with that of the Earls of Shrewsbury. But before bestowing



6.—ORIEL WINDOW IN THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTH RANGE.

her own person on the earl himself, she effected a double marriage between two of his children and two of her own. Her eldest son, Henry Cavendish, was matched with the earl's youngest daughter, Lady Grace Talbot, and Mary, her youngest daughter, with the earl's eldest son and heir, Gilbert. We do not know very much about the countess (as she afterwards became), except that later on she spent a great part of her life in prison owing to her devotion to her niece, Arabella Stuart. Of her husband we can form a more definite impression. Before his father's death he seems to have spent most of his time intriguing with Bess against the old



7.—THE THIRD COURT: (LEFT) THE RIVERSIDE BUILDING (1669-71), AND (RIGHT) THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE LIBRARY (1622-24).



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8.—ARCADED CLOISTER IN THE THIRD COURT.

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9—A JACOBEOAN REPRESENTATION OF THE FOUNDRESS'S ARMS, ORIGINALLY IN THE HALL.

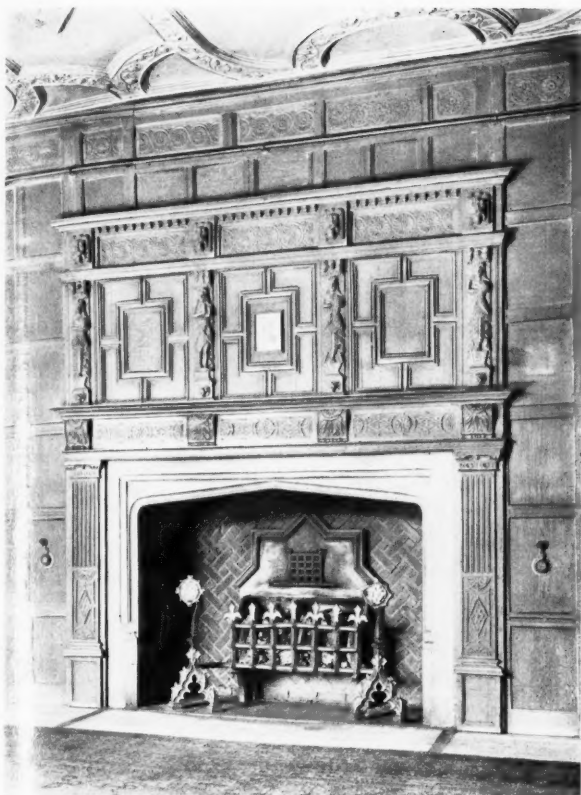


Copyright. 10.—THE LONG GALLERY, NOW THE COMBINATION ROOM. "C.L."

man's place. Then, on succeeding to the earldom in 1590, he embarked on a series of violent feuds with almost every member of his family, his old ally, Bess, included. In the intervals between quarrelling, however, he seems to have found time for more philosophic pursuits. As a young man he had studied at Padua and his interest in Renaissance learning and culture is shown by his encouragement of a scheme, which eventually proved abortive, for founding a northern university at Ripon. At this time (1598), moreover, after a period of disfavour, he was again holding responsible positions at Court. Clearly he and his wife would be a profitable source of revenue to the college if only that source could be tapped.

Clayton set about the task with a rare combination of tact and audacity, and he found a valuable intermediary in the person of Robert Booth, an ex-Fellow of St. John's, who since 1589 had been in the earl's household. After preparing the ground over a number of months, Booth gradually made known the full needs of his college, with the result that the countess eventually consented to pay the whole sum required for the building of a new court. If we consider that up till now neither the Talbots nor the Cavendishes had had any previous connections with the college, this sudden materialisation of the golden egg seems nothing short of miraculous. Henceforward, however, a long and close relationship was established with the house of Cavendish, which, like the Cecils, for many generations sent its sons as fellow-commoners to St. John's.

The agreement drawn up between the Master and two contractors for the building of the court is preserved in the Treasury. It is dated August 7th, 1598. The "undertakers," as they are called, were Ralph Symons and Gilbert Wigge, who covenanted "to build and ioine to their owne Colledge three other sides," making a new court measuring 165ft. east and west by 136ft. north and south. The work was to be completed within four years for a sum of £3,400, all of which the countess had promised to pay herself. Ralph Symons, in the contract, is described as of Westminster, but he had already done much work in Cambridge and was, indeed, the chief architect of that time. A portrait of him hangs in the hall of Emmanuel, on which there is an inscription recording that "he built that College and Sidney College, and thoroughly reformed a great part of Trinity College." His work at Trinity began when Neville became Master



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11 AND 12.—TWO CHIMNEYPIECES IN THE LONG GALLERY.
That on the right, brought from a house in Bridge Street, is dated 1591.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in 1593, and was still going on when this contract was signed. In fact, Symons had the two buildings on his hands at the same time and did not proceed to the erection of the hall at Trinity until two years after the court at St. John's was completed. Wigge, who may be considered as the junior partner in the firm, was a local man from the neighbouring village of Histon. We

afterwards find him working on the building in the Walnut-Tree Court at Queens' with Henry Mann as his partner, who later was employed at St. John's to build the library. The articles in the agreement, which number fifteen and are quoted *in extenso* by Willis and Clarke, go into great detail about the form and design of the building. The intention was that the



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13.—LOOKING DOWN THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

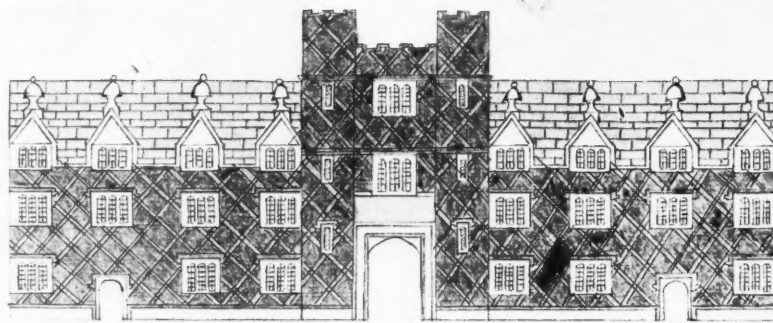
new court should, as far as possible, be "answerable to the owld building," and with this idea a gate-tower was to be built—"a fayre gate howse with foure turrets and chambers"—in the west range balancing the entrance gate.

The turret on the outer side of the old court, which gave access to the Master's Lodge at the north-west corner of the hall range, was raised and a corresponding stair turret built at the south end of the range, so that each formed a corner feature in the new court. Even in details, like the mullions and mouldings of the windows, "the water table, cornish and Crest, with the Corbell table," the design of the old court was to be followed. As to materials, the brick was to come from Stow, a village north of Downham Market, the stone for the exposed portions from King's Cliffe in Northamptonshire, clunch from Barrington being used elsewhere.

In this contract several references are made to "platts and uprights drawn by the said Symons or Wigge." These, by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, are still preserved, and form, as far as I know, the earliest surviving set of plans and drawings for any college building in Oxford or Cambridge. Altogether, there are three plans (one for each of the three floors) and three elevations, each signed and endorsed by both the contractors. That reproduced here (Fig. 14) is an elevation of the inner side of the west or gate-house range. The time specified for the completion of the whole work was to be four years, and the builders were punctual in fulfilling their contract.

The foundation-stone was laid on October 2nd, 1598; the north range was completed in the following year—as we can see by the date 1599 on one of the rain-water heads (Fig. 15)—while the last payment to the contractors was made on July 31st, 1602. Difficulties, however, arose afterwards. Symons and Wigge stood indebted to the college for £200 advanced to them on a bond in February, 1601, and this sum they were unable to repay. The college thereupon instituted proceedings and obtained judgment against them. The issue, however, remains obscure. There exists in the Treasury an undated and unsigned appeal to the King which the defendants drew up, but which appears never to have been sent. And there is a later appeal, signed by Wigge alone and dated April, 1605, begging for leniency in payment of a sum of £40 which was still outstanding. The petitioner will, he says, "enforce himself by continuall travell and labour to give satisfaction after the rate of fyve pounds by ye yeare" if only they will be pleased "out of a christian commiseration" to give him time, and signs himself "Your worships pooer and most miserable afflicted prisoner." Altogether the undertaking proved distinctly unprofitable both to Symons and Wigge. Symons, in the course of the work, lost the use of one of his hands, and Wigge, even if we take "prisoner" in a metaphorical sense, was clearly reduced for the time being to circumstances of extreme indigence. Baker's comment that the whole was finished "in a manner ruinous to the undertakers and not over advantageous to the college" appears in the main to be just, for in the end the countess was only able to pay about three-quarters of the full sum she had promised.

The very conservative design of the court is due, as we have seen, to Clayton's



Symons

Endorsed with the signatures of the architects, "Ralph Symons" and "Gilbert Wigge."

14.—ORIGINAL ELEVATION OF THE WEST RANGE OF THE SECOND COURT.
Endorsed with the signatures of the architects, "Ralph Symons" and "Gilbert Wigge."

of the three-sided, unenclosed court is definitely rejected, although in Symons's previous college buildings—Emmanuel and Sidney Sussex—the new arrangement was adopted. The massive gate-tower—a worthy companion to its prototype—is the last of the long series of examples erected at Cambridge. It is in every way a successful Renaissance version of Tudor Gothic, complete with battlements and angle turrets, and even in the lierne vaulting and four-centred archways (Fig. 1) there is a conscientious attempt to reproduce the earlier manner. Only the carved spandrels enunciate unmistakable Renaissance motives. Provision for heraldic carving over the archway was made in the terms of the contract, but it was not actually carried out till 1671.

In adding this new court to the College Clayton provided for a very considerable enlargement of the Master's Lodge. The whole of the first floor of the north range was designed for his use, comprising two rooms at its east end communicating with the original lodge, and a long gallery running westwards (Fig. 10). This characteristic feature of every great Elizabethan house is also found in the Master's Lodge at Queens', but in its original form the St. John's example was nearly double as long. Its length of 148ft. was, in fact, only 12ft. short of that of the long gallery at Hatfield and about the same as that of the ruined gallery at Kirby Hall. Even now, when it has been curtailed by some fifty feet, it remains the longest room in Cambridge.

Of the two chimneypieces the eastern and less elaborate one (Fig. 11) is original to the room; the other (Fig. 12) came from a house in Bridge Street, pulled down at the end of last century. The overmantel to this is inlaid with marquetry, while beneath the shelf is the date 1591 and the initials IV and EV, which are those of a certain John Ventris and his wife. Of much the same date as this is an elaborate carving of the foundress's arms (Fig. 9), which hangs in the lobby at the dais end of the hall, where a staircase goes up to the Long Gallery. No doubt, this heraldic achievement originally surmounted the screen at the east end of the hall, and is contemporary with the strapwork enrichments illustrated last week.

Since the destruction of the old Master's Lodge the Long Gallery has been used as a combination room. Its curtailment, however, took place much earlier; in fact, only some twenty years

after its completion. This was necessitated by the building of the library at the west end of the north range (Fig. 3) and the insertion of a staircase giving access to it from the north-west angle of the second court. Even so, it is a magnificent room. When set out for a banquet, with a long table down the centre, the silver glistening in soft candle-light and the dark oak wainscoting warmly lining the walls, there is no more enchanting interior in Cambridge.



15.—RAIN-WATER HEAD IN THE SECOND COURT (1599).

The library will be considered later in a separate article, but something must be said here of its architectural appearance and the part it played in deciding the character of the third court. It was built between 1623 and 1625, the style of the building being a curious mixture of Classic and Gothic. In the view from the tower (Fig. 3) it might be a Gothic chapel, with its range of buttresses, battlements and corner pinnacles, but, seen from the court (Fig. 7), its real character is apparent. The library itself is on the first floor, and the rooms beneath were originally chambers for Fellows and scholars. When the library was completed two sides of a third court were in existence. The other two were not built till after the Restoration.

Next week the place of the Country Home will be taken by an article on St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The third article on St. John's College, Cambridge, will appear in our issue of November 8th.

The present riverside range (Fig. 7) was erected between 1669 and 1672. The inner side facing the court rests on an arcaded cloister and the centre of the façade is treated as a frontispiece, crowned by a curved pediment (Fig. 5). No building accounts survive, and there is no record of the architect and builder. But a very definite Dutch influence is visible in the whole design. The addition at the same time of a south range completed the third court and brought to a close the long series of building operations. The whole site between the street and the river was now covered, and when next the college decided to build it had to be a transpontine court on the far side of the water.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

THE OYSTERCATCHER

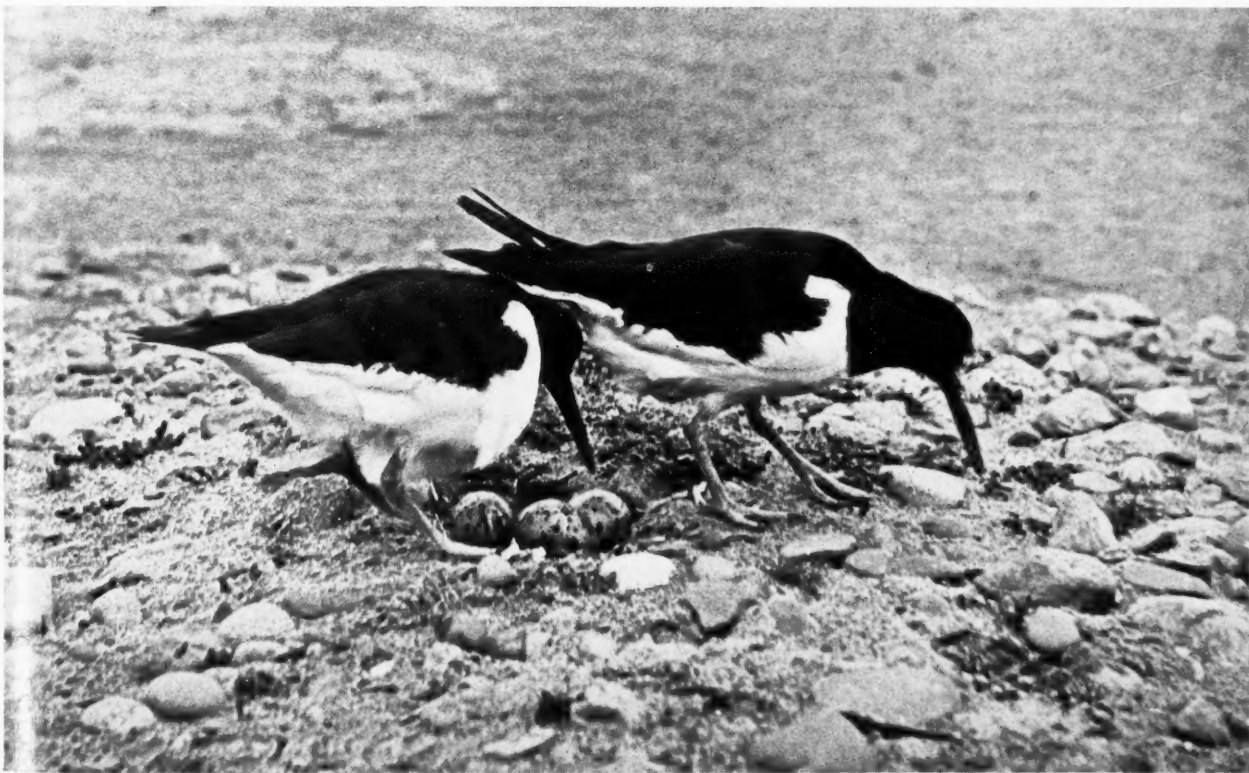
THE oystercatcher is a most satisfactory bird because it cannot be confused with any of the little shore birds which look so much alike to the casual observer. Its size, feisty appearance and consequential bearing make it a conspicuous object on the seashore or by the river margins. A discreet combination of black and white is the smartest of all plumages, and when, in addition, the bird has a reddish orange bill, flesh-coloured legs and a blood-red eye encircled with a vermilion rim, Nature could have hardly turned out a more perfect dandy. The oystercatcher gives one the impression that it is conscious of its beauty as it trips delicately across the shingle; certainly it knows when it has fooled you. Having successfully lured the intruder away from its nest, it gazes at its victim for one second, when its brilliant eye gleams like a ruby in its dark setting; then the bird flies away chuckling, and often follows up its victim uttering what can only be described as a mocking laugh. The oystercatcher will lead you a pretty dance if you are foolish enough to imagine that it is going to betray the locality of the nest. As it usually nests in wide open spaces of sand or shingle, the watchful male sees an approaching human being as soon as he appears on the horizon, and utters a single warning cry to the female, who



1.—TYPICAL NEST OF OYSTERCATCHER AMONG THE SHINGLE.

quietly slips off the nest while her mate immediately begins to draw the intruder away. If his elusive tactics are not successful, he becomes excited and either says what he thinks of you, or else stands in rigid silence while you examine the treasures it is the aim of both birds to conceal. Part of the game is to pretend they have no nest, and that nothing is further from their thoughts than this business of rearing young. In most mystery stories it is laid down as an axiom that the securest hiding place is the one that is the most obvious. The oystercatcher acts on this principle, for the eggs are often placed in a mere scrape in a vast stretch of shingle, where they resemble any old stones on the beach; but individual birds vary in

their ideas of what constitutes a nest. Mr. Willford's photographs show three distinct variations in the choice of a nesting site. The four eggs are laid in a deep unlined scrape in the shingle (Fig. 1). There is no lining to the other shingle nest, where the two birds are changing places (Fig. 2), though there are a few stunted samphire plants growing near. One of the sand-hill nests (Figs. 3 and 4) contains a few grass bents; while the other is a big, untidy structure (Fig. 5). Few birds whose offspring are born with ready-made clothes and the ability to run about as soon as they have collected their wits waste much



A. H. Willford.

2.—FEMALE OYSTERCATCHER RELIEVING MALE AT NEST. Both parents take turns in incubating.

Copyright.



3.—OYSTERCATCHER APPROACHING NEST ON THE SANDHILLS.



4.—OYSTERCATCHER ON NEST PANTING IN THE NOONTIDE HEAT.



A. H. Willford.

5.—MALE OYSTERCATCHER ON NEST.

Copyright.

Note the ruff at back of neck, beautiful boat-shaped bill and well groomed appearance.

time in making and decorating an elaborate nest. Yet all shore birds and waders show marked individualism in their choice of a lining, and usually adhere to one type of material. I have seen oystercatchers' nests lined throughout with pale blue mussel shells, cockle shells, heads of thrift, grass bents, and a variety of other selected flotsam, but never with a mixture of *débris*. Terns and ringed plovers also usually adhere to one type of material if they line their nests at all. Perhaps they are influenced in their choice by whatever shell or type of vegetation is handiest. Stone-curlew, for instance, pave their shallow nests with a varying number of rabbit droppings, these being often the only available material of convenient size. Why some nests are paved and some are not we cannot tell. It may be that these pavements provide a certain amount of air space beneath the eggs in certain soils. The evolution of nest building is one of the most interesting problems in bird life. It is a far cry from these primitive shore nests to the fairy hammock of the golden-crested wren with its foundation of gossamer and spun wool. The oystercatcher makes a number of false nests, and these are sometimes elaborately lined while the real nest is unadorned. Birds are undoubtedly attracted by many of the unconsidered trifles which strew the shore. The males collect these and offer them to the females. They are as often as not rejected, but the male goes on collecting. It may be that these false nests of the oystercatcher are decorated by the male. Hen birds of all species are hard to please as regards the nesting site. Ringed plovers will make and trim scrape after scrape which the females disdain until something finally pleases them and they settle down.

The oystercatcher lays three and sometimes four eggs, which are laid on alternate days. The nestling sometimes takes two or three days to hatch. Both parents take turns in incubating, but the greater share falls to the female. Note the male on the nest in Fig. 5 and his beautifully groomed appearance, as contrasted with that of the female panting in the noonday heat (Fig. 4). She has no time to worry unduly about her toilet. The alert male, on the other hand, spends a great deal of his spare time preening. The period of incubation is usually given as twenty-one to twenty-four days. In one nest I had under observation the young were not hatched till the twenty-seventh day after the full clutch of four eggs were laid.

The oystercatcher is a resident, a passage-migrant and a winter visitor. It breeds sparingly in England, but is very common in Scotland, where it nests along the river banks and beside the lochs. In some localities numbers of birds may be seen throughout the breeding season employed in the gentle art of doing nothing. These are, apparently, non-breeding birds. I recall one little bit of coast in Wales where, on Sunday

afternoons, I used to lie on the sands and watch a party of 140 oystercatchers standing motionless head to wind, awaiting the turn of the tide. In their conventional garb of black and white, the wicked eyes half-closed, they looked like a pious and attentive congregation of devout birds; but not even Wordsworth would call the oystercatcher "pious." (Doubtless they were there on weekdays as well as on Sundays, only I was not.) When the flocks of birds are tired of inaction they suddenly break up into groups and begin a series of sharp fights, tilting at one another with lowered heads and uttering wild musical cries. These ceremonial games are full of grace, especially when the performers dance a kind of stately quadrille. As they are continued up to November, at any rate, they do not appear necessarily to be a sexual display, though



A. H. Willford.

6.—OYSTERCATCHER TURNING EGGS OVER WITH HER BILL.

Copyright.

worms, for both shore and earth worms are considered good food. The young are accompanied by their parents and taught to seek for soft-bodied marine and riverside creatures. The newly hatched oystercatcher is wonderfully camouflaged with its soft, broken up and banded clothing of brown and white. E. L. TURNER.

A DIGNITARY OF BOTANY BAY

The Prince of Pickpockets, by Richard S. Lambert. (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.)

AS the years go on and historians poke more and more conscientious noses into romantic matters, one belief after another is snatched from us. Mr. Pitt did not die saying, "How I leave my country," and now it appears that George Barrington did not write, "We left our country for our country's good." Mr. Lambert, with, in this instance, almost regrettable industry, has discovered that the line was written by a certain Carter, not even a convict, and was only "supposed to have been spoken by the celebrated Mr. B-r-r-ngton" at the opening of the theatre at Botany Bay. A good many other things supposed to have been written by Mr. Barrington were probably written by booksellers' hacks in Grub Street, and of the material he supplied to them much is suspect, for he was not a truthful person. Still, he was, or at any rate Mr. Lambert makes of him, an engaging rogue, and we are grateful for this excellent account of him. In writing of a Newgate hero Mr. Lambert has done what Borrow admired in the writers of the Newgate Calendar, he has told a plain story well.

The course of Barrington's life was, very briefly, this. He was born in Maynooth in 1755. In 1771 he ran away from school, joined a company of strolling actors, played once, appropriately enough, in "The Beggar's Opera," and became, in a natural sequence of events, a pickpocket. A year or two later he came to London, was a hanger-on to the fringes of fashionable life, and picked pockets steadily. In 1777 he was sent to the hulks for three years; but, generally speaking, he had astonishing luck and, though constantly arrested, he was almost as constantly acquitted. At long last, in 1790, he was convicted at the Old Bailey and sentenced to transportation. His usual luck and his gentility came to his aid. As soon as he landed in Australia he was set to oversee other convicts instead of working himself, he rose gradually to be a friend of the Governor's and High Constable of Parramatta, he was credited with writing the "History of New South Wales," and he died about 1804 with a taste for drink but in the odour of sanctity.

If you mean to be a scamp, it is a sound rule to be a gentleman as well, a real gentleman and not a mere "King of the Flashmen," like John Thurtell. Barrington's life seems at first sight an excellent illustration, for he charmed everyone by his arts and graces, so that juries could not bear to convict him. Yet he was not by birth a gentleman, for he was the son of one Waldon, a working jeweller, and a mantua maker—unless, indeed, we accept the scandalous report that he was better bred than he ought to have been and his father was really Captain

Barrington of a marching regiment. At any rate, he had a wonderful way with him. He was always putting the comether on somebody from the time when a benevolent Church dignitary sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, to that when the Governor of New South Wales wrote home to the Under Secretary for State describing him as "one of the most zealous in public duty and one of the most exemplary in private life of any within the colony." It is surely this charm of his and his power of delivering highly rhetorical speeches that have made him so famous, for, as a mere picker of pockets, he was something of a bungler, and the Artful Dodger would have despised his technique. When cornered he had a habit of dropping the stolen watch on the floor and wondering where it had come from, and juries, who knew him as well as did the Bow Street runners, were yet so moved by his eloquence as to give him the benefit of a wholly imaginary doubt.

It is no fault of Mr. Lambert's that there is a certain monotony about his repeated arrests, speeches and acquittals. The best part of the book seems to me the account of the unspeakable hulks and of Botany Bay in its early days. Botany Bay was a singular community of four classes—the convicts, the released convicts who had been given land, a small body of free settlers, and the governing officials and soldiers. When Barrington first landed the colony was on the verge of starvation; "between March 18 and Dec. 8 1792, 490 deaths occurred in a total population of 4693." No wonder that many convicts tried to escape, including one party which "had the pathetic notion that it could find a way overland to China." Afterwards the conditions improved, not only as regards food, but also drink, which had at first been rigorously excluded; one of Barrington's most exalted moments came when he gave a testimonial to the Judge Advocate that he had never found him "so inebriated as to be unable to proceed to investigation."

There is something about Barrington's language pleasantly reminiscent of Mr. Micawber's. It will be remembered that Mr. Micawber emigrated to Australia and is alleged to have become a successful man and a magistrate. Nobody has ever really believed it of him, and nobody believed that George Barrington would reform. Yet, apparently, he did, or, at least, he made the Governor think he had. I confess to having my doubts. Indeed, I rather hope he did not, but died with his tongue in his cheek.

BERNARD DARWIN.

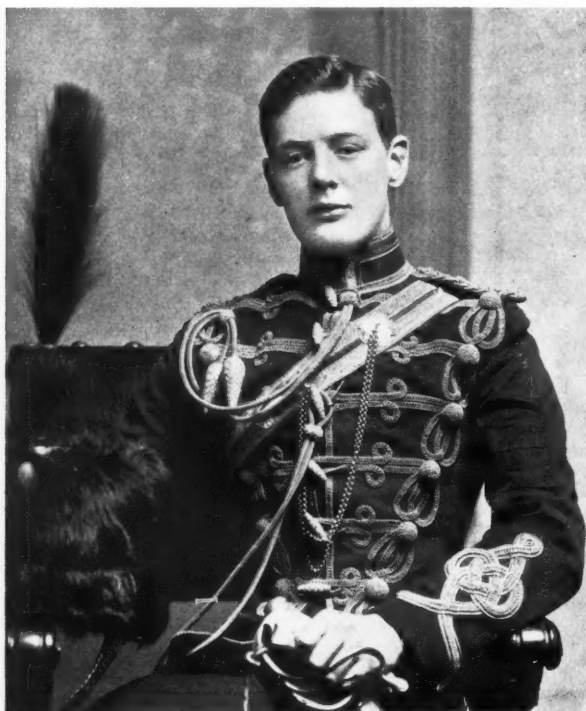
London Lanes, by Alan Stapleton. (Lane, 15s.)

IT was a delightful idea to write a book on London's lanes—the sort of idea which, once one gets it into one's head, refuses to be dislodged; and so Mr. Stapleton has not rested until he has collected all the lanes of London, new and old, put them into a book and then taken that

book to the most appropriate publishing firm, Mr. John Lane of The Bodley Head. He claims to have discovered more than nine hundred, which, all things considered, is a pretty good bag. Beginning the game myself, I should think first of all of such names as Pudding Lane (where the Great Fire broke out) and Mincing Lane and Maiden Lane. And then I should suddenly remember that great thoroughfares like St. Martin's Lane and Chancery Lane and Drury Lane were all lanes and not streets. And then—and then I should think of one or two others and come to a full stop. But Mr. Stapleton has discovered the most delightful and unexpected lanes: Artichoke Lane, Green Lettuce Lane, Shirking Lane, Duck's Foot Lane, Lion-in-the-Wood Lane and many others which have undergone a prosaic metamorphosis.

My Early Life, by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. (Thornton Butterworth, 21s. net.)

THIS book has at least two merits which place it entirely outside the ordinary run of biography. It is the work of a master of narrative whose comments on men and affairs are always apt and necessarily well informed, and it deals with a life of thrilling adventure, full of interest even to those who are too young to remember any of the events it describes, or the repercussions of those events on the lives of their elders. By those who remember the campaign of the 'nineties and who lived through the period of the South African War, Mr. Churchill's story of those days will be found entirely absorbing, and nobody who begins to read is likely to abandon the book without reading to the end. Of such a book it is manifestly impossible to give an adequate description in the compass of a short review. The crowded hours of glorious life which it describes are so crowded and so many as almost literally to take one's breath away, and all that one can say is that even more than in his previous contributions to the history of our times Mr. Churchill has used his gifts of humour and irony, of concise and lucid expression, of vivid and illuminating phrase, with all the mastery which we have long



"MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE 4TH HUSSARS."
(From "My Early Life.")

known to be his. His story opens with his earliest recollections of Dublin and the Phoenix Park of long ago, when Lord Randolph was secretary to his father, the Duke of Marlborough, and it ends with a description of a dinner to Joseph Chamberlain in 1902, at which that statesman, as he paused at the door after dinner, turned and said: "You young gentlemen have entertained me royally, and in return I will give you a priceless secret. Tariffs! These are the politics of the future!" Between these two periods is packed a bewildering variety of adventure. Most people will probably read with great interest Mr. Churchill's description of the part he played during the South African War, and it is certainly an excellent thing that we should at last have his own careful narrative of his capture and imprisonment by the Boers and of his subsequent escape from captivity. His earlier campaigns were many. In 1895 he and a brother-officer obtained permission to follow the operations of a punitive expedition in Cuba. There came the adventure of the Malakind Field Force, to be followed in quick succession by the Sudan Campaign and Kitchener's march to Omdurman. The story of Omdurman is told about as well as it is ever likely to be told, and the narrative falls little short in interest of the enthralling chapters which deal with South Africa. As for the earlier portions of this book, the passages which deal with Mr. Churchill's early youth and with his life at Harrow and Sandhurst are full of charm, and there are two chapters on India as a subaltern found it in the 'nineties, which nobody can afford to miss.

The Blue Vesuvius, by Anthony Wynne. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net.)
The Hymn-tune Mystery, by George A. Birmingham. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN spite of what seems to be the prevalent idea nowadays, that a mystery story needs nothing in the way of artistry beyond skill in contriving the plot, one has only to take up such a story as Canon Hannay's *Hymn-tune Mystery* or Mr. Anthony Wynne's *The Blue Vesuvius* to discover that one's enjoyment in reading is enormously greater when the author

is an expert in the matters with which he deals, when he writes, in other words, of matters of which he knows and when he has the art of making his characters live. Canon Hannay, for instance, has chosen for the background of his story the life—and particularly the musical side of it—of a small cathedral town. Canon Hannay knows all about it, and the consequence is that improbabilities which would appear naked and unashamed in a machine-made story lose all their crudeness and appear not only possible but probable when they occur to such real and living figures as the Dean of Carminster and the Archdeacon and the Precentor. The Precentor, by the way, is an admirable piece of humorous character-drawing. The same is true of Mr. Wynne's *Blue Vesuvius*. The story is most ingeniously contrived and the plot most ingeniously unfolded. But the enjoyment to be obtained from the book would not be half so good were it not for the admirable description of a Northumbrian fox-hunting country and the vivid characterisation of the persons of the drama. Above all this is the fact that Mr. Wynne, being obviously a master of all matters pertaining to medicine, is able to make perfectly real for us the "psychological" reasoning of his doctor-detective. There is no need here to give away the secret of the story, which is most cleverly concealed until the last moment, further than to say that Dr. Hailey easily triumphs in the end over his less acute-minded rival from Scotland Yard. But the great achievement of the book is the clear picture it gives of the psychological basis of the relations between the chief characters of the drama. By exposing these relations rather than by his more material clues, Dr. Hailey is able to solve an extremely puzzling problem. Altogether these are two stories which everyone should read.

On Forsyte Change, by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)
MR. GALSWORTHY'S new collection of short stories is of the suave old brew served up in cocktail glasses. All the members of that redoubtable family—so cautious about money, always midway in their opinions, yet liable to sudden unaccountable outbreaks, in a word so English—appear *On Forsyte Change*. Here we have old Jolyon taking his grandson Jo to see the mummies, and a few years later paying his "swell" Cambridge debts to a moneylender. Aunt Juley, delightfully daring, is followed by a dog in Kensington Gardens or courted by Septimus upon a water picnic "so romantic under the willow trees, with rugs for them to sit on, and Augustus Perry's guitar, quite like a picture by Watteau." Nicholas finds that the Married Women's Property Act may be anticipated, Francie collects her fourpenny foreigners, and George fights "against the shrivelling of his wits like the unhappy clowns of Kings . . . who must be merry, whatever the condition of their hearts." The episodes are dated; they begin in 1821 and end with Armistice Day—the latter a chronicle of an old-fashioned country gentleman's reactions throughout the War which could not have been more beautifully done. Indeed, all these sketches are written with the author's accustomed distinguished craftsmanship and ripe understanding. If there is in them a certain coyness, a certain good-fellow winking and pink-cheeked pride in the grosser attributes of maleness, these qualities were inherent in the age and type. For collectors they will certainly prove a welcome addition to the Forsyte bibliography. SYLVIA STEVENSON.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum. (Bles, 7s. 6d.)
"HOW loathsome coarse all the new novels are," wrote a very fine critic the other day in a letter, and added, "All the same, I rather like *Grand Hotel*." The two sentences are an epitomised criticism. *Grand Hotel* has moments of "loathsome" coarseness, but for all that it is, provided you are not squeamish, a very "likeable" book and a wonderfully interesting one. From the first page, when we enter the Grand Hotel and are made to realise that the stolid-seeming hall-porter is enduring agonies because his wife has been taken to hospital, to the last, when fate has given a twist one way or another to all the people we have met there, "and still the revolving door turns and turns—and swings and swings . . . and swings," there is no slacking in its interest. It is implicit in the scheme of the book that we should meet many people, each going his or her own way, staying at the Grand Hotel a day, a week, a month, passing each other, perhaps affecting each other, and then moving on. From a certain angle this seems like a bundle of short stories—the story of little Kringlein, the dying clerk who came to the Grand Hotel with all his savings intent on seeing life before he said good-bye to it; of handsome young Baron Gaigem, who came to steal and found a fate so different; of General-Director Preysing, who thought to bring off a business coup and ended in prison; of Grusinskaya, the *danceuse*, who came in despair and found hope. But the author, with a skill which makes it seem credible, plaits these many strands together so that her book becomes a whole, and while we are reading, seems the account of any slice of the hectic, hurrying subterranean life that might go on below the surface in such a place. Her knowledge of the human heart is illimitable. It is certainly a fine achievement, and very excellently translated by Mr. Basil Creighton.

May and December, by Sydney Walter Powell. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
THE theme of this novel, as the title indicates, is old to breaking-point. But there is something simple, sincere and, above all, sensible in the treatment of the theme which makes the book attractive, if light, reading. Joyce Cleve, who is "May," is not repellent, for all her ruthless young opportunism; and Stephen Cassio, who is "December," is also not a type, but an individual, and a likeable one. Indeed, the character-drawing in the book is its strength; Joyce's sister, Madge, for instance, belongs to a class not uncommon in real life, but seldom described in fiction. Madge gives up her lover to Joyce, feels a happiness in the sacrifice, and, being honest, analyses that happiness: "According to her nature she had acted; therefore she was happy. She was of the givers, not of the receivers." Quite commonplace or hackneyed scenes in the book are vitalised by this unblinking honesty—and notably an eternal-triangle and bedroom scene, which emerges from the author's hands in an astonishingly virile condition. V. H. F.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THE REAL STANLEY BALDWIN, by Wickham Steed (Nisbet, 7s. 6d.);
ESSAYS AND OBSERVATIONS, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Hewart of Bury (Casell, 12s. 6d.); TURNING POINTS IN HISTORY, by the late Earl of Birkenhead (Hutchinson, 21s.); STAR-DUST IN HOLLYWOOD, by Jan and Cora Gordon (Harrap, 12s. 6d.); FICTION.—THE BLUE VESUVIUS, by Anthony Wynne (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); MOSAIC, by P. B. Stern (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.).

AT THE THEATRE

MISS FORBES-ROBERTSON IN IBSEN.

"NOWHERE to go for a laugh," was the young American's definition of Matthew Arnold. The English theatre-going public has made up its mind any time during the last thirty or forty years that Ibsen is nowhere to go for an evening's entertainment. Strictly on condition that Chelsea and Mr. Morgan, Bloomsbury and Mr. Brown are not listening, I will permit myself to whisper that the London theatre-going public may very well be right. That a thing is true needs something else to justify its being made the matter of a stage-play. You might occupy three hours putting on the stage a hospital ward and all that goes on in it. But that would not be a play, though Henry was not to be dissuaded from the notion that it made a poem. Yet they would be three hours of truth. By the way it occurs to me that I ought to say here that the theatre need not necessarily concern itself with truth, since untrue things make capital plays provided that their untrue world is as exciting or an amusing one. But we began with truth, and Ibsen is only tolerable on the supposition that every single word he ever wrote is unimpeachable. Besides truth, a play must possess either tragic beauty to wring our hearts or comic splendour to gladden them. Everybody will agree about the second; the first is not accepted by everybody and, indeed, can never be easy. There are still people in the world who cannot see the beauty in a tragedy like "Macbeth," leaving on one side the question of the verse. Reduce that play to prose and they cannot see where the beauty of anything so horrible as the murder of a guest comes in. The trouble here is that there is no means of explaining tragic beauty to such objectors because there is no need of explaining it to oneself. The enigma is age-old, and one has to leave the question in obscurity as Dr. Johnson, to Boswell's regret, left the details of the future life. Passing the whole of Ibsen's works through the mind—a harrowing proceeding, by the way—I find it difficult to connect them with the notion of beauty, tragic or otherwise. They are examples of the most consummate craftsmanship the world has ever known without any exception whatever. His people have only to show the handle of an umbrella or the tip of a golosh to spring instantaneously into life. They are painfully alive, like the people in dentists' waiting-rooms. But is there two-pennorth of moral beauty among the lot? The answer is in the negative. Ibsen's justification was, presumably, that he awoke all these people out of their fool's paradises and made the world a more uncomfortable place for them to live in, hoping thereby to do the same thing for the people who looked on at the plays. In other words, Ibsen's justification is not that he was a great thinker, but that he thought he was. He wrote "A Doll's House" to show that there are circumstances in which a wife is justified in running away from her husband. This caused a terrific outcry, whereupon he wrote "Ghosts" to show the appalling things that result when some wives do not run away from some husbands. I suppose that no man who ever lived had

higher notions about the Ideal and the True than were possessed in his heart of hearts by this bewhiskered and bespectacled, frock-coated and top-hatted elderly Norwegian. Yet his brain of brains forced him to see that the perfect idealism of absolute truth may be as bad for the full-grown man as a good, stiff and thoroughly bracing brandy-and-soda would be harmful to a new-born infant. The whole body of the plays is an attack upon that kind of idealism which has no working basis of soundness, and one play, "The Wild Duck," has this for its whole point, that to foist the truth upon people who are not prepared for it does them more harm than to go on feeding them with the lies to which they have become accustomed. Hypocrisy and humbug, said Ibsen, are bad for the human mind just as arsenic is bad for the human body. Too much lying and too much arsenic will kill, just as a little subterfuge and a little arsenic will do no harm. The fatal thing is to stop the entire supply of humbug just as the surest way to kill your arsenic-taker is to deprive him suddenly of all arsenic. Half-measures is really what Ibsen was after, whereas the fashionable moralists to whom he was opposed always insisted upon the whole hog, and so, said Ibsen, killed the pig!

"Little Eyolf," the play in which Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson has chosen to make her reappearance after her marriage is a whole-hearted onslaught on passionate love and romantic marriage. Yet, on the face of it, Alfred and Rita Allmers, the two parties contracting to what Ibsen shows to be an unholy mess, are as blameless a pair as ever jogged down an aisle to the strains of that deluded optimist, Mendelssohn. Allmers, who was a poor tutor, fell in love with Rita who, fortunately for him, was so rich that he could afford to retire from tutoring and devote his life to writing a book on Human Responsibility and making Rita happy. Rita didn't much like sharing her husband's devotion with a volume, but reflected that a volume was better than another woman, and could, if necessary, be shut up. Then a child came, and Rita begrudged the affection she must give it because it meant so much less energy for loving Allmers. Next she became jealous of her husband's half-sister.

And now it appears that Rita was that exacting thing, the loving wife who can think of nothing except loving. After ten years of this cloying experience Allmers goes up into the mountain for a holiday and reflection, and on his return announces to Rita that he wants time to show his boy and sister a little affection. Being an ass, he announces to Rita: "I will always go on caring for you—with quiet tenderness." Whereat Rita explodes: "I don't care a bit for your quiet tenderness. I want you utterly and entirely—and alone! Just as I had you in the first rich, beautiful days. Never, never will I consent to be put off with scraps and leavings, Alfred!" Then follows a scene of passionate wooing on the part of the ten-years bride and her recalcitrant husband—a scene which Mr. Shaw when he reviewed this play in the 'nineties fondly conjectured as taking



Dorothy Wilding.

JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

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place in every villa between Wimbledon and Haslemere on the arrival of the last train. But years earlier Allmers had not been lacking in ardour, and during one passionate interlude the baby had fallen off the table, whereby it, or rather its permanent injury, had become a thorn in both their consciences. Rita was now so much annoyed that her husband, on his return from the mountains, should think more of Eyolf than of her that she wished the child had never been born. Whereupon through a miraculous intervention not uncommon in Ibsen's plays the child fell off the pier and was drowned, there being nothing apparently that this child could not fall off. To be more serious, the divine messenger appears in the guise of a Rat Wife, who lures Eyolf whose existence has been gnawing at Rita's vitals just as she lures those other gnawing, nibbling creatures. Then the drama really begins and we must

endure two acts in which Allmers and Rita rend each other for their inhuman irresponsibility in the matter of the child's maiming and destruction. Rita, you see, wished him dead, and even Allmers, when the boy was alive, cherished him not for his own sake but as an ornament and necessity to his own existence. A pretty kettle of fish, you say. Exactly, and the public of this country has spent forty years demonstrating that kettles of fish, pretty or otherwise, are not what it goes to the theatre to see.

I do not know whether people will want to see "Little Eyolf" again. But it is certain that everybody ought to want to see Miss Forbes Robertson's lovely performance of Rita. Those who do see it will share my gratitude to Mr. J. T. Greig, whose enterprise this is, for giving the actress and ourselves this brilliant opportunity.

GEORGE WARRINGTON

THE COUNTRY WORLD

THE marriage of the Marquess of Graham with appropriate Highland ceremonial at St. Giles' Cathedral must have reminded many of those present of his illustrious ancestor, the Royalist Marquess of Montrose, whose career came to an untimely end when dressed "in his red scarlet cassock," he paid the penalty of his loyalty in the Grassmarket hard by. Those old, unhappy times are far enough away to-day, but the feudal allegiance of a loyal tenantry, as was shown last week, is as great as ever. Especially is this the case at Brodick Castle in Arran. The Duke of Montrose's Arran moors are dogging moors, and he has five shootings there, four of which are generally let for the season. The home beat is the moor immediately above the Castle grounds by the Knocken Burn, which rushes down from Goatfell, the highest peak in the island.

FIELD trials for Gundogs continue to increase in popularity, and it is interesting to note the number of women owners who run and also handle their retrievers in these competitions—it is possible that they may outnumber the men in a few years' time! At the recent meeting of the Dorset Retriever Society there were seven competing dogs owned by women, and Mrs. Charlesworth, handling her own golden retriever, won the All-aged Stake with Noranby Jane. Mrs. Charlesworth has bred golden retrievers for many years, and started her kennel in 1906. Numerous successes at field trials and at shows demonstrate the care and interest which she has taken to create her well known Noranby strain.

THE news that Macpherson's livery stable at Oxford has passed into other hands will be received with much regret by past and present members of that University. The difficult and thankless task of providing horses for undergraduates, whose ardour in the hunting field is only equalled by their inexperience, has been performed by "Mac" with conspicuous success. "Good jumpers that don't pull? You can't get them," he has been saying for years to youthful enthusiasts, anxious to be carried in the first flight with the Bicester or the Old Berks, and equally anxious to avoid being carried into the midst of either of those famous packs. But his stables have always contained a number of genuine hunters—not all of them sound every day (small wonder, indeed!), but, under the miraculous touch of his head groom, Colman, perfectly sound when required.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON, the chairman of the committee organising the Persian Art Exhibition, which opens at the Royal Academy on January 7th, is better known in the field of action than of art, and is one of the most distinguished men who ever served in the Indian Political Department. The son of that remarkable octogenarian, Canon Wilson, formerly headmaster of Clifton, "A. T." (as he is known to a wide circle of friends) was himself at Clifton before going to Sandhurst, where he won the sword of honour. The routine of an Indian Army battalion did not suit him, and at the age of twenty-three he was serving in the Political Department in the Persian Gulf. The next nineteen years were all spent in Mesopotamia and the Gulf.

AS Consul and as British Commissioner on the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission he obtained experience which was of the greatest use to successive commanders-in-chief of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, and he was the right-hand man of Sir Percy Cox. When Sir Percy went to Teheran as British Minister in 1918, Wilson took his place as Civil Commissioner in Bagdad, and bore the whole brunt of the 1920 rebellion. In that year, at the age of thirty-six, he was knighted. Returning in 1920, he joined the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, with whom he still is. But he has many other interests. He is chairman of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, and was recently lent by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to the Economic Council in Whitehall Gardens. He is the author of several books, including the standard work on the Persian Gulf, and is about to publish a history of the British occupation of Iraq.

IT is interesting to know that Flight-Lieutenant C. W. Hill, who by bad luck in crashing on the last stage of his flight to Australia just failed to beat the record set up by Mr. Bert Hinkler, is the joint-author of one of the most exciting of war stories, *The Road to Endor*. He and his friend, Lieutenant E. H. Jones, were taken prisoners by the Turks in 1917, and succeeded after

many months in getting their freedom by a series of spiritualistic hoaxes which they played on their captors, deceiving not only them, but many of their fellow-prisoners as well. Later on Hill went through a terrible time at Constantinople in hospital, where he feigned religious melancholia, to deceive the authorities. There he met another writer of his War experiences, Major Yeats-Brown, author of *Bengal Lancer*. To men like Flight-Lieutenant Hill one instinctively applies Disraeli's phrase "Adventures are to the adventurous."

THE late Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, who died last week at the age of ninety-one, will be remembered as one of the great headmasters of the nineteenth century. Bedford School owes to him what Oundle owes to Sanderson, and Uppingham to Thring. On his election to the headmastership, which was as long ago as 1875, the school was not more than a small country grammar school. When he retired in 1903 it already ranked as one of the more important Public Schools in the country. Phillpotts came of a distinguished west country family. His grandfather was Bishop of Exeter a century ago and his father Archdeacon of Cornwall. His mother was a Buller of Downes and General Sir Redvers Buller was his first cousin. One of his daughters, Dame Bertha Phillpotts, who was mistress of Girton from 1922 to 1925, maintains the family's distinguished academic tradition.

THOUGH an eminent critic, who has been loudly demanding a permanent, non-substitute-at-rehearsals orchestra, seems little pleased now he has got it, the consensus of opinion is that the London Symphony Orchestra, which has been so closely identified with music in the Metropolis, is now an organisation fit to ruffle it with any other of its kind, either in Europe or America. Its playing at the Courtauld-Sargent concerts last week was remarkable for its finesse. The delicacy of the strings in the Brandenburg Concerto, for instance, was worthy of Philadelphia, and the perfect ensemble of all three concertos in the programme set a new standard for London audiences. This is really a better test of sheer orchestral playing than the Monday evening symphony concerts under Mengelberg, where the personal equation of the conductor has to be allowed for. Now we are anxious to see what the new B.B.C. Orchestra will do! One thing is certain. London has never had so many orchestral concerts as this season.

MISS LILIAN BAYLISS has brought a courage and a fair to her management at the Old Vic which has the stamp of genius. On Boxing Night she is to inaugurate the new Sadler's Wells Theatre, connected with a site famous in the history of the English stage, and to do for North London what she has already performed for London across the river. Or, rather, the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells are to be partners in the same plan to give the classics of the drama and opera to the widest possible public. Incidentally, this collaboration will provide London with a permanent opera, for the operatic and Shakespearean companies, which both have now a home at the Old Vic, will in the new year play for three or four consecutive weeks at each theatre in turn. Miss Bayliss is thus extending her work, with all its advantages of providing a permanent orchestra, and a permanent opera company undertakes a task that can only be successfully achieved by the help of a healthy Sadler's Wells Fund. We need not press the moral.

BY his magnificent display at the Royal Horticultural Society's Fruit and Vegetable Show last week Mr. Edwin Beckett, the gardener at Aldenham, eclipsed all his previous efforts both at Westminster and in the provinces. It must be pleasing to Mr. Vicary Gibbs to know that the successes of his staff have inspired many other amateurs to take up the cultivation and exhibiting of vegetables. Sir Randolph Baker had a most admirable collection, which gained the Society's Challenge Cup, while Lord Riddell, Sir Derrick Watson, Lord Beatty and Sir William Lawrence, were other successful competitors. In the fruit section of the Show the gardener to Lord Strathmore repeated his successes at other leading flower shows this year by carrying off many of the prizes for grapes, for which the gardens at Glamis are famed. Lord Swaythling was a prizewinner, and from the gardens of Lord Hotham at Dalton Hall, and from Mrs. Hornby Lewis came several fine examples of well grown fruit.

CORRESPONDENCE

FARNHAM CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The effort now being made to retain Farnham Castle as an episcopal residence calls attention to one of our ecclesiastical and architectural treasures.

The Manor of Farnham as Church property reaches back to a charter granted by Cerdwalla to the Bishops of Winchester, A.D. 688, and part of the actual castle to the early part of the twelfth century. The castle incorporates a complete Norman "aula" almost entirely concealed by additional buildings of various dates. The keep is said to have been built by Bishop Henry de Blois about A.D. 1130, and is the only portion of the fabric that has been uninhabitable since the Civil War. The rest of the buildings and apartments only need internal decoration and modification to allow it still to be used for domestic or diocesan purposes. The central feature of the Castle is the great hall, which has undergone several changes through the centuries, but of which several original details have lately come to light.

The most extensive alteration took place in the time of Bishop Morley, who, after the Civil War, transformed the military castle into a more peaceful retreat for the Bishops of

reducing the episcopal apartments to a reasonable limit, is the aim of those now trying to raise the £17,000 for their preservation. Donations may be sent to Mrs. Rupert Anderson, Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey. —H. R. HUBAND.

THE MAZE AT TROY FARM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Lady Cynthia Slessor has recently called attention to the neglected state of a charming Oxfordshire farmhouse and the grass maze which belongs to it. It lies in the parish of Somerton, in a beautiful setting of trees and orchards. Its name, Troy Farm, is one to be met with in many parts of England, and is nearly always associated with a maze. Apparently the game was called "Troy," from an imagined likeness between the rings of the maze to the seven concentric walls of Virgil's city. The house, once a small yeoman's residence, has descended to the status of a farmhouse. Its ownership has recently changed hands, and having been for some time unoccupied, it now presents a sadly decayed and overgrown appearance. Meanwhile, "the quaint maze in the wanton green" will soon be "indistinguishable" if it does not receive

Rural Community Council in Dorchester has been trying to obtain part of this sum from the Government for us as a loan, not a grant.

We hear to-day that the loan has been refused on the grounds "that the trust deed vests the management of the hall solely and arbitrarily in the hands of the rector and churchwardens."

We have no one else in this shifting population who could possibly be included in the trust deed. We have no schoolmaster. The only large farmer is a churchwarden. Had it not been for the hard work of two rectors and myself, there would not have been a hut at all, nor the possibility of building a new one now. Such is the red tape! —MARGARET H. G. BOND.

"THE MODERN MAORI AND HIS ANCIENT PASTIMES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Allan Collard's article reminds me of my childhood, when I frequently stayed in the Ngaruawahia district, and knew it well. One of my most vivid memories is of a real Maori war dance—not the modern dance, which is a very tame affair. The Native Land



FARNHAM CASTLE, BISHOP FOX'S TOWER.



A NORMAN OAK PILLAR IN THE GREAT HALL.

Winchester. There is a dark cupboard behind the Morley fireplace, where the most interesting feature of the great hall is still intact—an oaken pillar with a scalloped Norman capital, of which I send you a photograph by Mr. E. Griffith; while in the cellar below may be seen the base of another, rendering it possible to reconstruct in imagination the two aisles of a timbered hall of the middle of the twelfth century.

Whether there was a hall entirely constructed of timber or only fitted internally with oak we cannot say. The details of several arches recently discovered indicate that the hall is later than the times of Henry de Blois. On the jambs of the western and eastern doors are several masons' marks of a bow, an arrow, and a double triangle, that occur in both the hall at Farnham and the retro-choir at Winchester: not conclusive proofs, but suggestive at least of the work of the same guild of masons that worked for Bishop Godfrey from 1202 to 1204 in the construction of the retro-choir at Winchester. The acanthus leaf capitals, the Purbeck marble, the bases of the shafts all seem to correspond, so that it is hard not to draw the inference that Godfrey de Lucy, that great builder of the later twelfth and early thirteenth centuries was responsible for the design of both.

Hitherto no suggestion has been made in print of the designer of Farnham Hall and its adjoining spiral staircase and great chamber, all of which are of a piece.

To save these memorials of the great builders of the past, and to continue their noble works for the service of the Church,

some attention. If the case is not one of sufficient importance for the National Trust to take charge of, perhaps some local society of antiquarians might assist in preserving both farmhouse and maze from further neglect.—CLIVE LAMBERT.

[It is much to be hoped that steps may be taken to preserve this charming old house and its well known maze, illustrations of which appeared in our issue of December 7th last year.—ED.]

VILLAGE HALLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As I noticed a reference in your columns a few weeks ago to the fact that the Government help villages to erect recreation rooms or halls, I thought you might be interested to hear of our experience in this small place, Tyneham in Dorset, (six miles from a town, three miles from a public-house). Our population is 190, a very changeable agricultural one. We had no place for a men's club, or for whist drives, dances, etc., until five years ago, when an energetic rector raised sufficient funds to buy and erect a second-hand army hut, and furnish it with piano, billiard table, chairs, tables, etc.

This hut was entirely demolished by the gale last December 5th, and all last winter the village was without any hall for amusements or club use. Since December 5th the present rector and myself (rector's churchwarden) have collected £180 by various efforts towards building a new and more substantial hall.

We need another £120 or so to carry out the scheme, and the representative of the

Courts were held at that time at Cambridge in the Waikato district. Whole tribes used to come in to the township—men, women and children. One of these tribes camped in a field close under our windows, and the whole township was given over to the natives. Children were playing with a kerosene tin in the road. One child was dancing on it. That child belonged to the camp under our window. A child belonging to another tribe came up and pushed away the dancing child and seized the tin. There was a wild outcry, and immediately the men of the near-by tribe jumped up, put down the babies they were playing with, and threw off their blue suits. They wore them in those days, too. The garments were thrown wildly about, and about twenty absolutely naked savages were dancing in the roadway, while the offending tribe formed another circle and danced their defiance. They kept the most wonderful time, each foot struck the ground at the same instant, while ear-piercing yells burst from each throat as with one voice. They had no weapons, but the arms were held up and the whole body vibrated in a most extraordinary manner. War dancing was only supposed to be done for the benefit of tourists, even then, but all these men were in the prime of life, and obviously it must have been practised secretly and in private. Alas! the town folk, thinking that the affair might really go too far, called out the armed constabulary, and one tribe was driven across the river, and mounted men guarded the bridge to prevent their returning. So the angry Maoris danced and shouted defiance at each other across the wide Wailato.—PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN.

MORRIS DANCERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This picture shows an old panel removed from Lancaster Castle when certain rooms were dismantled. Ancient though these figures are, they have a point of contact with modern times, for they are morris dancers. In the present revival of morris dancing people of all classes take part, but, as you will know, only peasants took part in ancient times.

The troupe usually consisted of six dancers, accompanied by a musician, and comprised a king, a queen, a fool, a treasurer, and sometimes a ragman. In this panel the figure on the left, disguised as a woman, is the treasurer, and carries a box for alms. The one on the extreme right is the fool in his motley, and the four next to him probably represent characters of Robin Hood's men—or, maybe, dancers. The second from the left is the musician with pipe and tabor, the most important member of the troupe, for no traditional dancer can remember a step without the exact music to which he has been accustomed.—C. M. CLARK.

ICELAND GOLDEN PLOVER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are four races of golden plover known to science, the Asiatic, of which fifteen have visited our shores in winter; the American, which has only been recorded five times; the British, which is resident; and the northern, which breeds in Iceland and the Faroe Islands. In winter plumage the last named is indistinguishable from our British race, and, such being the case, it was not known whether it visited our shores in winter or not until quite recently, following the marking of young birds with rings in Iceland by Mr. P. Scovgaard. Of such golden plover marked in North Iceland in the summers of 1926–29 as young birds, no fewer than thirteen have been recovered in Great Britain and Ireland as follows: A 1928 bird was found very decomposed on the Island of Tiree, Inner Hebrides, in April, 1929; and two birds of the 1929 brood were shot in Wigtownshire in November, 1929, and in Dumfriesshire in February, 1930. Another 1929 bred bird was recovered at Hornby in North Lancashire in January, 1930, bearing ring No. X 3298, and a 1928 bird at King's Lynn in Norfolk in February, 1930, with ring No. A 3723. The other eight were all recorded from Ireland. A 1927 and a 1929 bird in Co. Cork in January, 1928, and January, 1930 respectively; a 1926 bird in King's County in the November of its first year; two birds of 1927 were shot in October of their first year in Cos. Leitrim and Kilkenny, and another in Mayo in February, 1928; a 1929 bird in Antrim in the December of that year; and the eighth, a 1928 bird, somewhere in Ireland in October 1929.—H. W. ROBINSON.

CONES AND CROSSBILLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This is a picture of the road at Invergarry in Inverness-shire, and few people would probably guess what are the little objects scattered all over it or how they got there. They are larch cones from the overhanging trees, pulled off and opened by crossbills. The birds were seen at their work, first pulling off the cones, then holding them between their feet while they picked out the seeds and, finally, letting the empty cones drop to the ground. Crossbills are very fond of the seeds of Scots pine only.—J. W. MACKAY.



A PANEL FROM LANCASTER CASTLE.

A COMMON BUZZARD NESTING IN A HAWTHORN BUSH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although the common buzzard was originally a tree-nesting bird, the species, through persecution, has been driven to the fells and mountains, where most pairs nest on rock ledges, although even they often choose a ledge from which grows a mountain ash tree. Occasional pairs, however, obey their ancestral instincts and nest in trees, of which the larch, alder and oak seem to be most frequently occupied. I knew one pair of buzzards to use the same nest in an oak tree for three consecutive years, and on two occasions they



A BUZZARD'S NEST.

successfully reared young. However, in June, 1930, I found a pair nesting in a hawthorn bush at the base of a fell in the Pennines. The nest was placed on an outspreading branch of the bush, and was no more than 8ft. from the ground. The birds, however, were unsuccessful in rearing young. In previous years a pair had always nested successfully in a very tall larch tree, distant about three hundred yards from this hawthorn bush, but whether it was the same pair that this year used the hawthorn bush I could not say.—R. H. BROWN.

FRESCOES THAT TELL THE WEATHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the churchyard of St. Brelade's, Jersey, there is an interesting little building

known as the Fisherman's Chapel. This structure is distinct from the church, and it dates back to the sixth century. It is only 43ft. by 18ft., but its walls are 3ft. in thickness. Some years ago, after a period of heavy storms, the roof was badly damaged and rain started to leak through. This brought away some of the plaster on the walls and coloured paintings were revealed. It was then decided to remove all the plaster and, after a good deal of patient work, the whole of the frescoes, some of which were in quite good condition, were brought to view. Examination led to the conclusion that these wall paintings dated back to a period between 1320 and 1330. One curious point about the wall paintings was soon noticed, and that was they changed according to the state of the atmosphere. When the atmosphere was very dry and fine weather was to be expected, the colours in the paintings were strong and bright. If there was a large amount of moisture in the air, and rain and wind were coming, the colours of the frescoes became dull and the pictures as a whole looked misty. In fact, the Fisherman's Chapel has become quite renowned for its weather-telling propensities. Local fishermen place more reliance on the aspects of the frescoes than they do on any official warnings. It is thought that the reason for the change in the appearance of the paintings is due to the fact that the pigments were obtained from seaweed. Probably the salt in the colouring matter responds to the damp in the atmosphere, and in this way the cloudiness arises when the air is laden with moisture.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

[As a leakage of moisture originally revealed the frescoes, it is more likely that the colouring is affected by the same agency. We recommend that the wall on which the frescoes are, and the roof over them, should be made weatherproof.—ED.]

THE "PEW-CAT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Recently, while staying in Derbyshire, I found that in some rural districts the polecat—the *Mustela putorius* of zoologists—is known by the name of pew-cat. Probably this name, like the word polecat itself, has indirect reference to the animal's habit of destroying poultry, being derived from the word poultry-cat.

To-day, the polecat is not at all common in Derbyshire; but, in some districts, it has become more in evidence during the last few years, and more than one farmer tells me that his feathered stock has suffered from its depredations.

There exists, however, some confusion as to the identity of the polecat. In certain quarters domesticated cats that have run wild in the woods are known as pew-cats. Of course, no naturalist would be likely to confuse our fireside friend with a near ally of the stoats and weasels; but the erroneous use of the word "pew-cat" may help to explain the reputed occurrence of the polecat in certain districts from which it has long been absent.

A friend of mine recently showed me a specimen of the polecat to an old lady whose earlier years had been spent in a Derbyshire village. "When I was a girl, we often saw the pew-cats," was her remark; and she added, "They used to rob the hen-roost. I remember, too, what a horrid smell they had."

In this instance there certainly was no mistake as to the pew-cat's identity.—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.



THE REMAINS OF A FEAST.



THE GARDEN

PLANTS FOR EDGING THE SHRUB BORDER

Almost every shrub border where the planting has been done, as it should have been, with due regard to the ultimate growth and size of the individual plants, there are always many large and empty spaces which, more often than not, are left bare and neglected. Towards the edge such large spaces receive prominence and their ugliness is further emphasised in late autumn and winter when the inmates of the shrubbery are bare of leaf. It is for the furnishing of these gaps in the front line, to fill up the bare soil that spreads from the shrubs to the turf edge, that plants of good foliage are especially valuable and should receive some consideration when the season of renovation and planting approaches. It is true that, with such a wealth of low-growing and spreading shrubs available, these may be usefully employed to fill the gaps at the edge, particularly where the association of hardy plant and shrub is not desired; but, on the whole, a greater beauty comes by leaving a space which is well planted with things of bold and handsome leafage, and preferably of an evergreen nature, which will give some life and interest to the border in the winter months. Besides foliage plants, bulbs should be introduced in irregular drifts to lighten up the dull corners in early spring along with the yellow carpets of the charming winter aconite for late winter, and if the edge is in shade the border might well contain its complement of Lenten roses and primroses and polyanthus, with the nodding bells of lily of the valley. At intervals there can be no possible objection to clumps of a few choice hardy plants, and for the purpose there is none better suited than the dwarfier growing Michaelmas daisies, while farther towards the back the tall and graceful Chimney campanula, in blue and white, can be given a place with phloxes, lilies, the handsome white-flowered form of Anemone japonica, clouds of aquilegias and several other reliable herbaceous perennials whose vigour of growth will enable them to hold their own.

Where there is plenty of space in front of shrubs there could be no better opportunity for the inclusion of the handsome-leaved acanthus, whose beauty is shown off to advantage in such a position. A group of these stately perennials with their noble tufts of glossy green and silvered leaves from which arise the tall and stiff flower spikes, provides a planting of beauty and distinction. The



LILIES, FUNKIAS AND FERNS AT THE EDGE OF THE SHRUBBERY.



THE HANDSOME LEAVED MEGASEA AND BORAGO ORIENTALIS, ASSOCIATED WITH PHLOXES FOR LATE SUMMER AND AUTUMN EFFECT IN THE SHRUB BORDER.

common species, *A. mollis*, and its handsome variety *latifolius* are both plants of sterling merit, but they lack the finish and the distinction of their relative, *A. spinosus*, which possesses a sharpness of outline and well defined detail denied to the broader-leaved species. There is a still more prickly species, *A. spinosissimus*, which, however, has so intensified its spiny character as to lose the real beauty of its architecture. They are simple in their wants but well repay generous treatment when they become really luxuriant in their build and leafage.

One of the most effective of foliage plants for a front line position in the shrubbery is the large-leaved saxifrage, or *Megasea cordifolia*, and its major form, along with its close relatives *M. crassifolia* and *ligulata*. All are most excellent for forming bold evergreen belts to define the plantings of shrubs and are particularly decorative in winter. They are hardy and vigorous-growing, and are perfectly at home in dry or moist soils, although they will respond to rich ground by making the most luxuriant leafage. To those who possess a tender eye for colour, the rank magenta pink of the flowers of *M. cordifolia purpurea* may offend, in which case *M. ligulata*, with blossoms of a beautiful delicate pink enhanced by the almost scarlet stalks should be introduced in its place, and which has the additional merit of being the earlier of the two to flower. There are few plants more valuable for their permanent foliage and rich-looking appearance, and few better for their bold and handsome outlines.

Of even greater ornamental value and probably richer in effect to some eyes are the funkias or plantain lilies, whose glories are vested in the two fine species, *Sieboldii* and *grandiflora*. Of the two, *F. Sieboldii* is the more decorative plant, with large, somewhat heart-shaped, glaucous green leaves over a foot across, which provide a picturesque and massive group in the front line of the shrub border. *F. grandiflora* has slightly smaller, bright



SHEAVES OF ASTER BLOOM FOR AUTUMN BEAUTY IN THE SHRUB BORDER. A PLANTING OF THE LOW-GROWING ASTER CORYMBOSUS WITH ITS CLOUDS OF WHITE STARS.

green leaves, but when well established in a deep, rich and well drained soil, makes a splendid plant about a yard across, and when massed in a group provides a bold and striking effect particularly if they are used in association with dark evergreens and have the slender stems of lilies thrusting through their tussocks of leaves.

Another very useful plant which is of distinct value for its large leaves and for a place at the edge of the shrubbery, although of little ornamental merit otherwise, is *Borago orientalis*. It makes a good

cover in any rough place where it can be allowed plenty of room, for it is a coarse and rapid grower and will soon naturalise itself. It has large heart-shaped leaves of a brilliant green, and it is singularly handsome once it is established, but it is the case of a plant that must have its proper position when it is distinctly serviceable, otherwise it may become a nuisance.

By interplanting things of purely foliage value with groups of flowering plants the effect of the former is greatly enhanced, and some of the dwarf-growing perennial asters are ideal for the purpose and particularly valuable for their autumn beauty to relieve the sombre tones of the shrubbery. *Aster amellus* and its variety *bessarabicus*, which much resembles the type, is one of the best, with its sheaves of blue starry blossoms; while several of the *Novi-Belgii* varieties which are taller in growth, the feathery-habited *A. ericoides* and its varieties with their long arching sprays of clear white flowers, and the low-growing *A. corymbosus*, a wild species that is strangely neglected but which carries clouds of small pure white stars which provide a most charming effect in the mass, are all most excellent for interplanting and lending definition to the bold groups of foliage plants that not only give character and dignity to the edge of the shrub border, but fill with beauty what would otherwise remain as unsightly and even ugly gaps. G. C. TAYLOR.

THE SPECIES OF RHODODENDRON

THE urgent need for an accurate and comprehensive guide to the genus *rhododendron* has been admirably met by the recent publication by the Rhododendron Association and its parent body of *The Species of Rhododendron* (Rhododendron Society, 30s. net). With the increasing numbers of species and the intolerable complexity of the genus it was inevitable that some taxonomic review of the genus should be undertaken at once, and it is fortunate that the work has been published by those most competent to do it, and the actual labours entrusted to three such eminent authorities as Messrs. H. T. Tagg, J. Hutchinson and A. Rehder, each of whom has, for many years past, been engaged in the elucidation of classification problems presented by the genus, and has reinforced the pioneer efforts of the late Sir Isaac Bailey Balfour, who was the first to attempt to trace out the evolutionary history of the genus and to introduce some orderly scheme in its classification.

In the introduction the difficulties which confronted those responsible for the publication of the handbook are clearly set forth, and give some idea of the colossal task which this genus presents to the botanist before a complete monograph is possible. The present volume is merely a stepping stone, but its appearance was most essential, since with our increasing knowledge it was necessary that greater facilities for the study of the genus should be made more readily available both to students of the genus and to those who take a keen interest in rhododendrons as garden plants. There is no doubt that the book fulfils its purpose excellently and provides the most adequate material which is available so far as a basis for the future discussion of the genus. The authors lay no claim to finality. The arrangement is purely tentative and capable of alteration, but there is little doubt that the present summary will provide a sure foundation for the building of the complete history of the genus.

Close on seven hundred species are enumerated and described, including over two hundred species from Malaya, New Guinea and Indo-China, where the names only are given, and a genuine attempt has been made to place the members of the genus in the respective groups into which they seem most naturally to fall after a close study of all their characters following the method of systematic serialisation which was adopted by Sir I. Bailey Balfour, so that all students of the genus may have a more clear understanding of the genus and its members. Over thirty new species are described, among which *Rh. Taggianum*, an introduction from Forrest's 1925 expedition, appears to be one of the most outstanding according to its description and a valuable

acquisition to the genus. Each species is accorded a page to itself, and the specific descriptions have been done with scrupulous care. The arrangement of the species into their natural groups or series provides for their more ready identification, and although authorities may not agree over the placing of certain species which seem to bear little affinity to the group to which they are allocated, no exception can be taken to these isolated instances. In the main the difficulties arising from the setting up of what is, after all, purely an arbitrary classification to bring order out of chaos and make for greater convenience have been carefully surmounted, and the serialisation which is followed provides one with a clear understanding of the various members of the genus and how each fits into a taxonomic scheme which is founded on as natural lines as possible.

The handbook is a comprehensive, concise (in so far as its range permits) and able review of the species of rhododendrons which are at present in cultivation or are adequately known from herbarium material. It is meticulously accurate and shows extreme care in compilation, both qualities which are most necessary in a work of reference such as this. It is the most competent exposition of the genus *rhododendron* yet presented, a handbook which will remain the standard work on the genus until a complete monograph comes to be written, and reflects the greatest credit on the Rhododendron Society who fostered its publication and on the authors, who have not only shown immense industry, but also considerable skill in this enormous task. G. C. T.

TULIP NAMES.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY has published the first supplement to the Tentative List of Tulip Names which was issued last year. A further hundred and eighty names, together with the description and the raiser's name, are given of varieties grown in the trial grounds of the General Bulb Growers' Society at Haarlem, and which have only been recently introduced into commerce, and of a few varieties exhibited before the Royal Horticultural Society. The present Supplement now brings the original list fully up to date, and others will doubtless follow as additions are made to the list of varieties. All who grow or sell tulips should be in possession of the original list of tulip names, published, in the interests of horticulture, at the low cost of 1s. 2d., and of the Supplement, which is issued at 2d. per copy. It is a most valuable and useful guide, and has already met with a gratifying response from most raisers and growers at home and abroad.